The Saturday Evening Post

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TO ——

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MARY P. TUCKER.

A nice little, sweet little tender song
I said, dear love, I would write for you;
Because when everything else is wrong,
And hollow and false, you are good and true,
And I know I have in your sheltering heart
Always pity and place and rest;
Though fortune is fickle, and friends depart,
You hold me dearest and love me best.

And so, with the twilight dusky and dim,
Trailing her shadowy robes along,
I said to myself, I will write for him,
A nice little, sweet little tender song;
I will tell him all of my hopes and fears,
Of the tranquil calm—of the deep unrest,
And how through the patient plodding years,
I have held him dearest and loved him best.

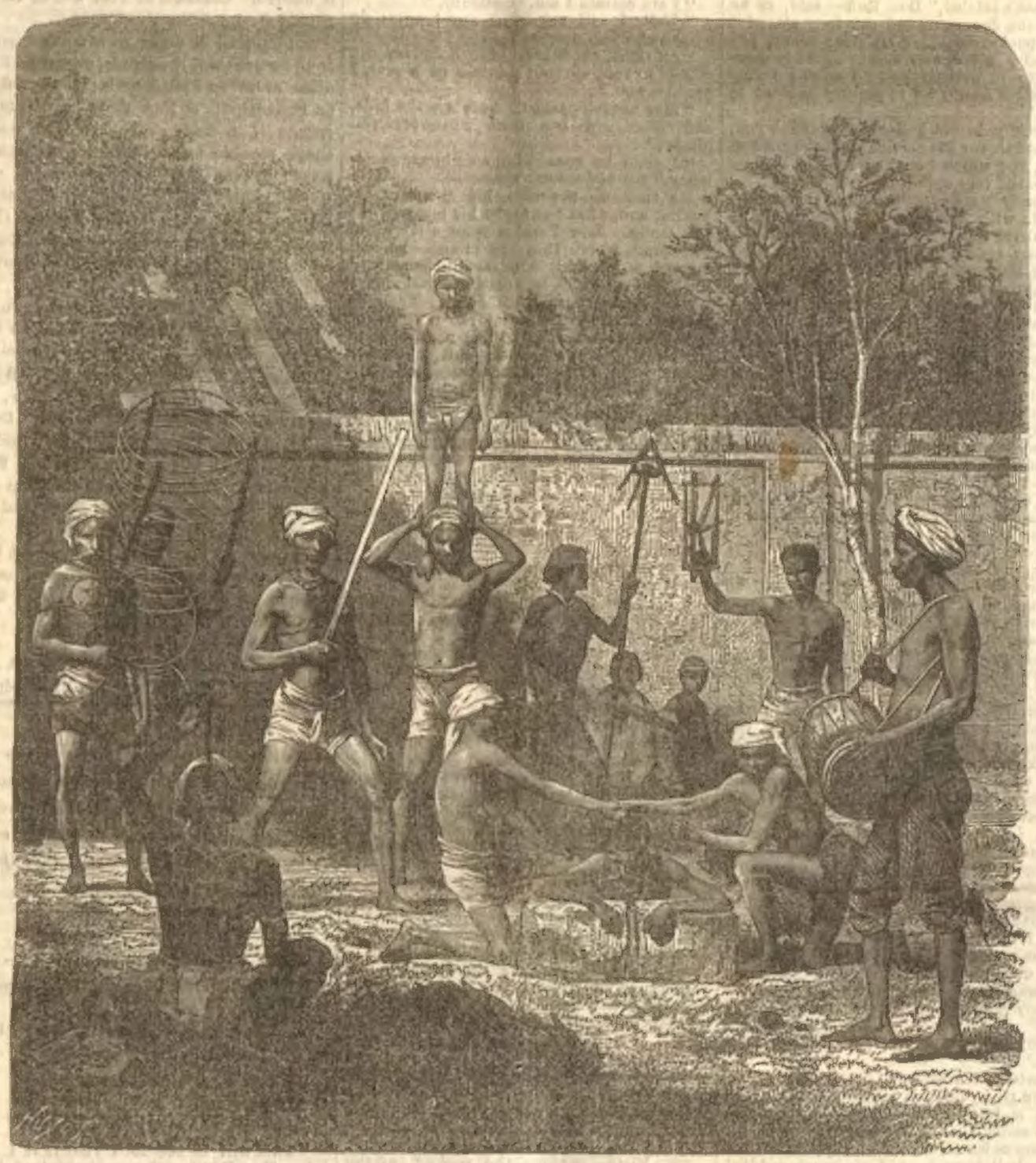
I'd write you dear, if I only could,
A melody sweet as the song of birds;
But I fail to utter the things I would,
And I cannot shape my thought to words.
Yes though the madrigal come to naught,
Its yearning tenderness unexpressed,
You will comprehend the unuttered thought,
And hold me dearest, and love me best.

STRONGHAND;

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.



GROUP OF INDIAN JUGGLERS.

The jugglers of Madras are famed all over the world. Our engraving represents a group, ready for their wonderful exhibitions. To sit in the air without any apparent support, to cause seeds to grow at once into flowers, to disappear from view, to swallow a sword, and various wonderful gymnastic feats are among their curious performances. The chances of such a party in old times of being burnt as wizards would have been very good indeed.

CHAPTER IX.

A NEW CHARACTER.

Although, owing to its position on the shores of the Pacific, Sonora enjoys the blessings of the sea breeze, whose moisture at intervals refreshes the heated atmosphere; still, for three hours in the afternoon, the earth incessantly heated by the torrid sunbeams produces a crushing heat. At such times the country assumes a really desolate aspect beneath the cloudless sky, which seems an immense plate of red-hot iron. The birds suddenly cease their songs, and languidly hide themselves beneath the thick foliage of the trees, which bow their proud crests towards the ground. Men and domestic animals hasten to seek shelter in the houses, raising in their hurried progress a white, impalpable, and calcined dust, which enters mouth and nostrils. For some hours Sonora is converted into a vast desert from which every appearance of life and movement has disappeared.

Everybody is asleep, or at least reclining in the most shady rooms, with closed eyes, and with the body abandoned to that species of somnolency which is neither sleeping nor waking, and which from that very fact is filled with such sweet and voluptuous reveries—inhaling at deep draughts the artificial breeze produced by artfully-contrived currents of air, and in a word indulging in what is generally called in the torrid zones a siesta.

These are hours full of enjoyment, of whose sweet and beneficent influence on body and mind we busy, active Americans are ignorant, but which people nearer the sun revel in. The Italians call this state the *dolce far niente*, and the Turks, that essentially sensual race, *keff*.

Like that city in the "Arabian Nights," the inhabitants of which the wicked enchanter suddenly changed into statues by waving his wand, life seemed suddenly arrested at the Hacienda del Toro, for the silence was so profound: peons, vaqueros, craidos, everybody in fact, were enjoying their siesta. It was about three in the afternoon; but that indistinct though significant buzz which announces the awakening of the hour that precedes the resumption of labor was audible. Two gentlemen alone had not yielded to sleep, in spite of the crushing mid-day heat; but seated in an elegantly-furnished *cuarto*, they had spent the hours usually devoted to slumber in conversation. The cause for this deviation from the ordinary custom must have been most serious. The Hispano-American, and especially the Mexican, does not lightly sacrifice those hours of repose during which, according to a Spanish proverb, only dogs and Frenchmen are to be seen in the sun.

Of these two gentlemen, one Don Hernando de Moguer, is already known to us. Years, while stooping his back, had furrowed some wrinkles on his forehead, and mingled many silver threads with his hair; but the expression of his face, with the exception of a tinge of melancholy spread over his features by lengthened misfortunes, had remained nearly the same, that is to say, gentle and timid, although clever; slightly sarcastic and eminently crafty.

As for the person with whom Don Hernando was conversing at this moment, he deserves a detailed description, physically at least, for the reader will soon be enabled to appreciate his moral character. He was a short, plump man, with a rubicund face and apoplectic look, though barely forty years of age. Still his hair, which was almost white, his deeply wrinkled forehead, and his gray eyes buried beneath bushy whiskers, gave him a senile appearance, harmonizing but little with the sharp gesticulation and youthful manner he affected. His long, thin, violet nose was bent like a parrot's beak over a wide mouth filled with dazzling white teeth; and his prominent cheek-bones, covered with blue veins, completed a strange countenance, the expression of which bore a striking likeness to that of an owl.

This species of nut-cracker, with his prominent stomach and short, ill-hung limbs, whose whole appearance was most disagreeable, had such a mobility of face as rendered it impossible to read his thoughts on his features, in the event of this fat man's carcass containing a thought. His cold blue eyes were ever pertinaciously fixed on the person addressing him, and did not reveal the slightest emotion; in short, this man produced at the first contact that invariable antipathy which is felt on the approach of reptiles, and which, after nearer acquaintance, is converted into disgust and contempt.

He was a certain Don Rufino Contreras, one of the richest landowners in Sonora, and a year previously had been elected senator to the Mexican Congress for the province.

At the moment when we enter the *cuarto*, Don Hernando, with arms folded at his back and frowning brow, is walking up and down, while Don Rufino, seated on a *buttacca*, with his body thrown back, is following his movements with a crafty smile on his lips while striving to scratch off an invisible spot on his knee. For some minutes, the haciendero continued his walk, and then stopped before Don Rufino, who bent on him a mocking, inquiring glance.

"Then," he said, in a voice whose anxious expression he sought in vain to conceal, "you must positively have the entire sum within a week?"

"Yes," the fat man replied, still smiling.

"Why, if that is the case, did you not warn me sooner?"

"It was through delicacy, my dear sir."

"What—through delicacy?" Don Hernando repeated, with a start of surprise.

"You shall judge for yourself."

"I shall be glad to do so."

"I believe you do me the justice of allowing that I am your friend?"

"You have said you are, at least."

"I fancy I have proved it to you."

"No matter; but let us pass over that."

"Very well. Knowing that you were in a critical position at the moment, I tried to procure the sum by all possible means, as I did not wish to have recourse to you, except in the last extremity. You see, my dear Don Hernando, how delicate and truly friendly my calculations were. Unfortunately, at the present time it is very difficult to get money in, owing to the stagnation of trade. It was therefore literally impossible for me to obtain the smallest sum. In such a perplexing position, I leave you to judge what I was obliged to do. The money I must have; you have owed it for a long time, and I applied to you—what else could I do?"

"I do not know. Still, I think you might have sent a peon to warn me, before you left Sonora."

"No, my dear sir, that is exactly what I should not do. I have not come direct to you: in pursuance of the line of conduct I laid down I hoped to collect the required sum on my road, and not be obliged to come all the way to your hacienda."

Don Hernando made no reply. He began his walk again after giving the speaker a glance which would have given him cause for thought, had he noticed it; but the latter gentleman had begun rubbing the invisible spot again with more obstinacy than before. In the meanwhile the sunbeams had become more and more oblique; the hacienda had woke up to its ordinary life; outside the shouts of the vaqueros pricking their oxen or urging on the horses could be heard mingled with the lowing and neighing of the draught-cattle. Don Hernando walked up to a window, the shutters of which he threw open, and a refreshing breeze entered the *cuarto*. Don Rufino gave a sigh of relief and sat up in his *buttacca*.

"Ouf," he said, with an expression of comfort, "I was very tired; not through the long ride I was compelled to make this morning, so much as through the stifling heat."

Don Hernando started at this insinuation, as if he had been stung by a serpent; he had neglected all the laws of Mexican hospitality; for Don Rufino's visit had so disagreeably surprised him, and made him forget all else before the sudden obligation of satisfying the claims of a merciless creditor. But at Don Rufino's remarks he had understood how unusual his conduct must have seemed to a weary traveller, hence he rang a bell, and a peon at once came in.

"Refreshment," he said.

The peon bowed, and left the room.

"You will excuse me, caballero," the hacienedero continued, frankly, "but your visit so surprised me, that at the moment I did not think of offering the refreshment which a tired traveller requires so much. Your room is prepared, rest yourself to-night, and to-morrow we will resume our conversation, and arrive at a solution I trust mutually satisfactory."

"I hope so, my dear sir. Heaven is my witness that it is my greatest desire," Don Rufino answered, as he raised to his lips the glass of orangeade brought by the peon. "Unhappily I fear that, with the best will in the world, we cannot come to a settlement unless—"

"Unless!" Don Hernando sharply interrupted. Don Rufino quietly sipped his orangeade, placed the glass on the table, and said, as he threw himself back on the *buttacca*, and rolled a cigarette—

"Unless you pay me in full what you owe me, which, from what you have said, appears to me to be difficult, I confess."

"Ah!" Don Hernando remarked with an air of constraint, "what makes you suppose that?"

"I beg your pardon, my dear sir, I suppose nothing: you told me just now that you were hardly pressed."

"Well, and what conclusion do you derive from that?" the haciendero asked impatiently.

"A very simple thing—that seventy thousand piastres form a rather round sum, and that however rich a man may be, he does not always have it in his hands, especially when he is pressed."

"I can make sacrifices."

"Believe me, I shall be sincerely sorry."

"But can you not wait a few days longer?"

"Impossible, I repeat; let me understand our respective positions, in order to avoid any business misunderstanding, which should always be prevented between honorable gentlemen holding a certain position. I lent you that sum, and only stipulated for small interest, I believe."

"I allow it, Senor, and thank you for it."

"It is not really worth the trouble: I was anxious to oblige you. I did so, and let us say no more about it; but remember that I made one condition which you accepted."

"Yes," Don Hernando said, with an impatient start, "and I was wrong."

"Perhaps so; but that is not the question. This condition which you accepted was to the effect that you should repay me the sum I advanced upon demand."

"Have I said the contrary?"

"Far from it; but now that I want the money, I ask you for it, and that is natural: I have in no way infringed the conditions. You ought to have expected what is happening to-day, and taken your precautions accordingly."

"Hence, if I ask a month to collect the money you claim?"

"I should be heart-broken, but should refuse; for I want the money, not in a month, but in a week. I can quite put myself in your position, and comprehend how disagreeable the matter must be; but unluckily so it is."

What most hurt Don Hernando was not the recall of the loan, painful as it was to him, so much as the way in which the demand was made; the show of false good-nature employed by his creditor, and the insulting pity he displayed. Carried away involuntarily by the rage that filled his heart, he was about to give Don Rufino an answer which would have broken off all friendly relations between them forever, when a great noise was heard in the hacienda, mingled with shouts of joy and the stamping of horses. Don Hernando eagerly leant out of the window, and at the expiration of a moment turned round to Don Rufino, who was sucking his cigarette with an air of beatitude.

"Here are my children, caballero," he said; "not a word of this affair before them, I entreat."

"I know too well what I owe you, my dear senor," the other replied, as he prepared to rise. "With your permission, however, I will withdraw, in order to allow you entire liberty for your family joy."

"No, no!" Don Hernando added, "I had better introduce you at once to my son and daughter."

"As you please, my dear sir. I shall be flattered to form the acquaintance of your charming family."

The door opened, and Don Jose Paredes appeared. The majordomo was a half-breed of about forty years of age, tall and powerfully built, with bow legs and round shoulders that denoted his capacity as a horseman; in fact, the worthy man's life was spent in the saddle, galloping about the country. He took a side glance at Don Rufino, bowed to his master, and lowering his usual rough tone, said—

"Senor amo, the nine and nine have arrived in good health, thanks to Our Lady of Carmero."

"Thanks, Don Jose," Don Hernando replied; "let them come in. I shall be delighted to see them."

The majordomo gave a signal outside, and the two young people rushed into the room. With one bound they were in their father's arms, who for a moment pressed them to his heart; but then he pushed them away, remarking that a stranger was present. The young couple bowed respectfully.

"Senor Don Rufino," the marquis said, "I present to you my son, Don Ruiz de Moguer, and my daughter, Dona Marianita: my children, this is Senor Don Rufino Contreras, one of my best friends."

"A title of which I am proud," Don Rufino replied, with a bow, while giving the young lady a cold, searching glance, which made her look down involuntarily and blush.

"Are the apartments ready, Don Jose?" Don Hernando continued.

"Yes, excellency," the majordomo said, who was contemplating the young people with a radiant face.

"If Senor Don Rufino will permit it, you can go and be down, my children," the haciendero said. "You must be tired."

"You will also allow me to rest, Don Hernando?" the senator then said.

The haciendero bowed.

"We will resume our conversation at a more favorable moment," he continued, as he took a side glance at Dona Marianita, who was just leaving the room with her brother. "However, my dear senor, do not feel too anxious about my visit; for I believe I have discovered a way of arranging matters without inconveniencing you too much."

And, bowing to his knees to the marquis, who was astounded at this conduct, which he was so far from expecting, Don Rufino left the room, smiling with an air of protection.

CHAPTER X.

DON JOSE PAREDES.

Several days had elapsed since the return of Don Ruiz and his sister to the hacienda, and Don Rufino had not said a word about the money which occasioned his visit. The haciendero, while employing all the means in his power to procure the necessary sum to pay his debt, had been careful not to allude to the conversation he had held with his creditor on the first day; the more so because Don Rufino seemed to have forgotten the pressing want of money he had at first given as his excuse for not granting any delay.

At the hacienda everything had returned to its old condition. Don Ruiz went out on horseback in the morning with Jose Paredes,

in order to watch the peons and vaqueros, leaving to his father and sister the care of doing the honors to Don Rufino. For the first two or three days Dona Marianita had been considerably embarrassed by their guest's obsequious smiles and passionate glances; but she soon made up her mind, and only laughed at the craving look and absurd postures of the stout gentleman. The latter, while perceiving the effect he produced on the young lady, appeared to take no heed of it, and conscientiously continued his manœuvres with the tenacity that formed the basis of his character. Probably in acting thus, and by openly paying his court to Dona Marianita, in the presence of her father and brother, Don Rufino was carrying out a pre-arranged plan, in order to gain an end which may be easily guessed.

It was evident to everybody that Don Rufino was seeking to obtain the hand of Dona Marianita. Don Hernando, in spite of the secret annoyance this pursuit caused him, for this man was the last he would have desired as his son-in-law, did not dare, however, let his vexation be seen, owing to his delicate position, and the sword of Damocles which Don Rufino held in suspense over his head. He contented himself with watching him closely, while leaving him free to act, hoping everything from him, and striving to collect all his resources in order to pay him off as speedily as possible; and once liberty was regained, to dismiss him. Unfortunately, money was difficult to obtain. Most of Don Hernando's debtors failed in meeting their engagements; and it was with great difficulty he obtained at the end of a fortnight one quarter the sum he owed Don Rufino, and this sum even could not be employed in liquidating the debt, for it was indispensable for the continuation of the works at the hacienda.

Since his arrival at the hacienda, Don Rufino had sent off messengers in several directions, and received letters. One morning he entered Don Hernando's study with an easy air, where the latter passed nearly all the day, engaged in the most abstruse calculations. The haciendero raised his head with amazement on seeing the senator; it was the first time the latter had come to seek him in this room. He suffered a heart-pang; but he succeeded in hiding his emotion, and good-humoredly invited his visitor to take a seat.

"My dear senor," Don Rufino began, as he comfortably stretched himself out upon a *buttacca*, "excuse me for pursuing you into your last entrenchments, but I want to talk seriously with you, and so I frankly knocked at this door."

"You have done well," Don Hernando answered, with ill-dissembled agony; "you know that I am entirely at your disposal. How can I be of any service to you?"

"I will not trouble you long: I am not fond of lengthy conversations, and have merely come to terminate the affair which we began on the day when I arrived at the hacienda."

The haciendero felt a cold perspiration stand on his temples at this brutally frank avowal.

"I had not forgotten you," he replied: "at this very moment I was making arrangements which, I trust, will enable me to discharge the debt in a few days."

"That is not the point," Don Rufino remarked, airily: "I do not want the money, and request you to hold it for me as long as you possibly can."

Don Hernando looked at him in amazement.

"That surprises you," the senator continued, "and yet the affair is very simple. I was anxious to prove to you that you had in me not a pressing creditor, but a truly devoted friend. When I saw that it would greatly embarrass you to repay me this trifle, and as you are a gentleman I am anxious to oblige, I turned to another quarter."

"Still," Don Hernando, who feared a snare, objected: "you said to me—"

"I believed it," Don Rufino interrupted him. "Fortunately it was not so, as I have recently acquired the proof: not only have I been able to meet my payment, but I have a considerable sum left in my hands which I do not know what to do with, and which I should feel much obliged by your taking; for I do not know a more honorable gentleman than yourself, and I wish to get rid of the money, which is useless to me at the moment."

Don Hernando, confounded by this overture, which he had been so far from expecting from a man who had at first been so harsh with him, was silent, for he knew not what to answer, or to what he should attribute this so sudden and extraordinary change.

"Good gracious!" continued Don Rufino, with a smile; "during the few days I have been with you, my dear senor, I have been enabled to appreciate the intelligent way in which you manage your immense estate; and it is evident to me that you must realise enormous profits. Unfortunately for you, you are in the position of all men who undertake great things with limited resources. You are short of capital just at the moment when it is most necessary; but as this is a common case, you cannot complain. You have made sacrifices, and will have to make more before obtaining real results. The money you want I have, and I offer it to you. I trust you will not insult me by doubting my friendship, or my desire to be of service to you."

"Certainly, caballero. Still," Don Hernando stammered, "I am already your debtor to a heavy amount."

"Well, what matter? You will be my debtor for a larger amount, that is all."

"I understand all the delicacy and kindness of your conduct, but I fear—"

"What?—that I may demand repayment at an inconvenient moment?"

"I will not conceal from you—"

"You are wrong, Don Hernando. I wish to deal with you as a friend, and do you a real service. You owe me seventy thousand piastres, I believe?"

"Alas, yes!"

"Why that 'alas?'" the senator asked, with a smile. "Seventy thousand piastres, and fifty thousand more I am going to hand you directly, in six bills payable at sight, drawn on Wilson and Co., bankers, at Hermosillo, will form a round sum, for which you will give me your acceptance payable—come, what date will suit you best?"

Don Hernando hesitated. Evidently Don Rufino, in making him so strange a proposal, had an object; but that object he could not see. The senator's love for his daughter could not impel him to do such a generous act: this unexpected kindness evidently concealed a snare; but what was the snare? Don Rufino carefully followed the different feelings that were reflected on Don Hernando's face.

"You hesitate," he said to him, "and you are wrong. Let us talk candidly. You cannot possibly hope to realise any profit within eight months, so it will be impossible for you to pay me so large a sum before that period." Then, opening his pocket-book and taking out the six bills, which he laid on the table, he continued: "Here are the fifty thousand piastres; give me an acceptance for one hundred and twenty thousand, payable at twelve months' date. You see that I give you all necessary latitude to turn yourself round. Well, supposing—which is not probable—that you are unable to pay me when the bill falls due; we will renew it, that is all. *Cuerpo de Cristo!* I am not a harsh creditor. Come, is the matter settled, or must I take the bills back?"

Money, under whatever shape it presents itself, has an irresistible attraction in the eyes of the speculator and embarrassed man. Don Hernando, in spite of all his efforts—in spite of all the numerous sacrifices he had made, felt himself rapidly going down the incline of ruin, on which it is impossible for a man to stop; but time might save him. Don Rufino, whatever his wishes might be, rendered him an immense service by giving him, not only time, but also the money he required, and which he despaired of obtaining elsewhere. Any longer hesitation on his part would therefore have been unjustifiable; hence he took the bills, and gave his acceptance.

"That's settled," Don Rufino said, as he folded the document and carefully placed it in his pocket-book. "My dear senor, you are really a singular man. There is more difficulty in getting you to accept money than there would be in getting another to pay it."

"I really do not know how to thank you, Don Rufino, for the service you have rendered me, and which I am now free to confess has arrived very opportunely."

"Money is always opportune," the senator replied, with a laugh; "but let us say no more about that. If you happen to have a safe man, send him off at once to cash these bills at Hermosillo, for money is too scarce to be allowed to lie idle."

"This very day my majordomo, Don Jose Paredes, shall set out for the *ciudad*."

"Very good. Now I have one request to make of you."

"Speak, speak! I shall be delighted to prove to you how grateful I am."

"This is the matter: now that I am, temporarily at least, no longer your creditor, I have no decent pretext for remaining at the hacienda."

"Well, what does that matter?"

"It matters a great deal to me. I should like to remain here a few days longer, in order to enjoy your agreeable society."

"Are you jesting, Don Rufino? The longer you remain at the hacienda, the greater honor you will do us; we shall be delighted to keep you, not for a few days, but for all the time you may be pleased to grant us."

"Very good; that is what I desired. Now, I shall go away and leave you to your business."

When the majordomo returned to the hacienda at about eleven o'clock in the morning, Don Hernando sent for him. Without taking the time to pull off his vaquera boots or unbuckle his heavy spurs, Jose Paredes hurried to his master.

"Have you a good horse?" the haciendero asked, so soon as the majordomo entered the study.

"I have several, excellency," he answered.

"I mean by a good horse, one capable of going a long distance."

"Certainly, mi amo; I have a mustang on which I could ride to Hermosillo and back without giving it any further rest than that of the camping hours."

"I want to send you to Hermosillo."

"Very good, excellency; when must I start?"

"Why, as soon as possible after you have rested."

"Rested from what?"

"The ride you have taken this morning."

The majordomo shrugged his shoulders with a smile.

"I am never tired, excellency; in half an hour I shall have lassoed my horse, saddled it, and mounted, unless you wish me to defer my journey."

"The hours for the siesta will soon be here, and the heat will be insufferable."

"You are aware, excellency, that we half-Indians are children of the sun; its heat does not affect us."

"You have an answer for everything, Don Jose."

"For you, excellency, I feel myself capable of performing impossibilities."

"I know that you are devoted to my house."

"Is it not just, excellency? For two centuries my family has eaten the bread of yours; and, if I acted otherwise than I am doing, I should be unworthy of those from whom I am descended."

"I thank you, my friend; you know the esteem and affection I have for you. I am about to intrust an important commission to you."

"Be assured that I shall perform it, excellency."

"Very good. You will start at once for Hermosillo, where you will cash these bills for fifty thousand piastres, at the bank of Wilson and Co."

"Fifty thousand piastres!" the majordomo repeated, with surprise.

"It surprises you, my friend, to whom I have confided my most secret affairs, that I have so large a sum to receive. You ask yourself, doubtless, in what way I managed to obtain it."

"I ask nothing, excellency; it does not concern me. I am here to carry out your orders, and do not permit myself improper observations."

"This money has been lent me by a friend whose kindness is inexhaustible."

"Heaven grant that you are not mistaken, excellency; and that the man from whom you have this money is really a friend."

"What do you mean, Don Jose? To what are you alluding?"

"I make no allusion, mi amo; I merely think that friends who lend fifty thousand piastres from hand to hand—pardon my frankness, excellency—to a man whose affairs are in such a condition as yours, are very rare at present; and that, before forming a definite judgment about them, it would be wiser to wait and learn the cause of such singular generosity."

Don Hernando sighed. He shared his majordomo's opinions, though he would not allow it. Following the tactics of all men who have not good reasons to allege, he suddenly turned the conversation.

"You can take three or four persons with you," he said.

"What to do, excellency?"

"Why, to act as escort on your return."

The majordomo began laughing.

"What use is an escort, excellency? You want your money here? I will buy a mule at Hermosillo, and load the money on it, and it will take a very clever fellow to rob me, I assure you."

"Still, it would be, perhaps, better to have an escort."

"Permit me to remark, excellency, that it would be the best way of setting robbers on my track."

"*Viva Dios!* I should be curious to know how you arrive at that conclusion."

"You will easily understand me, mi amo. A single man is certain to pass unnoticed, especially when, as at this moment, the roads are infested with bandits of every description and every color."

"Hum! what you are saying is not reassuring, Don Jose, do you know that?" Don Hernando remarked, with a smile, for his majordomo's reasoning amused him.

"On the contrary, the bandits to whom I am referring, excellency, are clever, too clever, and it is that which ruins them; they will never imagine that a poor devil of a half-breed, leading a sorry mule, can be carrying fifty thousand piastres. Deceived by my appearance, they will let me pass, without even pretending to see; while if I take persons with me, it will arouse their suspicions, they will want to know why I am guarded, and I shall be plundered."

"You may really be right, Don Jose."

"I am certain I am, excellency."

"Well, I will not argue any longer; do what you think proper."

"All right, excellency; I will deliver the money to you, without the loss of a real, I promise you."

"May heaven grant it: here are the bills, and now—you can start whenever you please."

"I shall be gone within an hour, excellency," the majordomo answered.

He took up the bills, hid them in his bosom, and, after bowing to his master, left the study. Jose Paredes went straight to the corral, where in a few minutes he had lassoed a mustang with small head and flashing eye, which he began saddling, after he had carefully rubbed it down. Then he inspected his weapons, laid in a stock of powder and ball, placed some provisions in his alforjas, and mounted. But, instead of leaving the hacienda, he proceeded to a separate building, and twice gently tapped a window before which he pulled up. The window opened, and Don Ruis appeared.

"Ah! is that you, Paredes; going back to the plantations already?" he said; "well, wait a minute, and I will be with you."

The majordomo shook his head.

"Do not disturb yourself, Nino," he said. "I am not going to the plantations, but on a journey."

"A journey?" the young man asked, in surprise.

"Yes; but only for a few days. The marquis has sent me—and I shall soon be back."

"Can you tell me the reason why you are going, and whither?"

"The master will tell you himself, Nino."

"Good! but I suppose you have some other motive for coming to wish me good-by?"

"Yes, Nino; I wished to give you a piece of advice before leaving the hacienda."

"Advice?"

"Yes; and of a serious nature. Nino, during my absence, watch carefully the man who is here!"

"Whom do you mean, Paredes?"

The senator, Don Rufino Contreras."

"For what reason?"

"Watch him, Nino, watch him! And now, good-by for the present."

And without awaiting the question the young man was about to ask him, the majordomo dug his spurs into his horse's flanks, and left the hacienda at a gallop.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Swinburne is known in England as the "George F. Train of poetry."

☞ A New York cat was so rash as to lick the cheek of a lady of improved complexion, and in a few minutes was no more.

☞ Virtue pardons the wicked, as the sandal tree perfumes the axe which strikes it.

☞ "Well, Bridget, can you scour tinware with alacrity?" "No, mum, I always scours them with sand."

☞ "You look as though you were beside yourself," as a wag said to a fellow who was standing close to a donkey.

☞ A negro, after gazing at the Chinese, exclaimed, "If de white folks is as dark as dat out dere, I wonder what's de color ob de niggars?"

☞ The St. Louis Republican is a Democratic paper, and the St. Louis Democrat is a Republican paper. It would be a great relief to the news editors of the country if they would swap names.

☞ A sale of ready-made coffins at auction took place at Lincoln, Nebraska, recently. A black walnut article, with silver trimmings, brought $25, the purchaser being a man whose wife was very sick.

☞ A young lawyer of Philadelphia wrote to an old limb near Chicago thus: "Is there an opening in your part of the country that I can get into?" Answer: "There is an opening in my back yard, about thirty feet deep, no earth around it. If that will suit, come on."

☞ A young gentleman, after having paid his addresses to a young lady for some time, popped the question. The lady in a frightened manner, said, "You scare me, sir." The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and, consequently remained quiet for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again."

☞ WAKEFULNESS.—"A friend of mine," said Erskine, "was suffering from a continual wakefulness, and various methods were tried to bring him sleep. At last his physicians resorted to an expedient which succeeded admirably. They dressed him in a watchman's coat, put a lantern in his hand, placed him in a scatty-box, and he was asleep in ten minutes."

☞ The Printer's Circular of this city has offered prizes to compositors for fast type-setting. The first prize is to be a solid silver composing stick; the second, a silver medal, and the third a bronze medal. The competition is to be open to compositors throughout the United States and Canada, in towns or cities where printers' Unions exist, and the trial is to take place May 10th next.

☞ A Chicago paper is responsible for the story that a few days since, some boys in that city dropped an anvil, weighing two hundred pounds out of a four-story window, on the head of an African who was passing, and he had them arrested. He said he was willing to let the boys have fun, but when they jammed a "gemmen's" hat down over his eyes and spoiled it in that way, the law must take its course.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, Feb. 4, 1871.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 80 subscribers at $2,50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BACK NUMBERS.

We have still a large supply of the back numbers which contain the whole of Leonie's Mystery, and a large amount of other interesting reading—being admirable entertainment for the long winter evenings. A great chance for new subscribers.

OUR LETTERS.

Mrs. R. B., of Gratiot, Ohio, says:—

"We think THE POST the best paper in the United States."

T. S., of Greenville C. H., South Carolina, says:—

"I am very much pleased with THE POST."

J. W. A., of Vevay, Ind., says:—

"This will be the 15th year that I have taken THE POST, and cannot think of doing without it."

H. S., of White Hall, Ind., says:—

"We cannot do without THE POST as we have been regular readers of it for over 30 years."

Mrs. S. F. K., of West Columbia, West Virginia, sends us 8 new subscribers—the best kind of a compliment.

E. M. L., of Underhill, Vermont, in sending on a club, says:—

"I cannot do without my dear old friend THE POST."

Mrs. M. C. C., of Liberty Hall, S. C., says:—

"I have been delayed a little in renewing my subscription, by waiting to get you a new subscriber for THE POST and THE FRIEND, which I have done."

C. M. W., of Princeton, Mo., says:—

"I have been a subscriber to THE POST for 15 years, and for the Lady's Friend since its first year."

N. W., of Lawrence, Ind., says:—

"We think THE POST *the paper* for the home circle."

Mrs. L. A. D., of Marshall, Wis., says:—

"Living as we do, where we have no lectures, concerts, &c., THE POST comes to us every week as a dear friend."

"J. D., of Meyers' Mill, Pa., says:—

"I have taken THE POST for 8 years, and expect to take it as many more."

Mr. J. C. B., of Carpentersville, Ind., says:—

"I thought I would not take THE POST this year, but after doing without it two weeks, I found it would not do—and send you herewith a club of five subscribers."

J. P. A., of Ashley, Ill., says:—

"Your paper is the best family paper I have seen. I have been reading the *New York Ledger*, but find your paper to be better."

M. M. D., of Easton, Md., says:—

"This is my 22d or 23d year, and I should feel like losing an old friend to give up THE POST now."

Mrs. J. D., of Enfield, Ill., says:—

"I have made up a club for the third year, which proves I cannot do without THE POST."

Surrender of Paris.

Paris has surrendered. A capitulation and an armistice for three weeks, by land and sea, was signed by Bismarck and Favre, at Versailles, on the evening of the 27th. The German troops occupied the forts around Paris the next day.

LONDON, Jan. 27.—M. Favre was in conference with Bismarck at midnight, and the latter carried his point. The capitulation involves peace, the cession of Alsace and German Lorraine, and part of the fleet; a money indemnity to be guaranteed by the municipalities; a portion of the German army to return home, and the war is to cease. It is necessary that some territory be retained, to secure the fulfillment of the compact. The Mobiles are to be sent home, and the German army is to enter Paris.

The Emperor will return immediately to Berlin.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL, for January, 1871. Monthly Part. Contains a continuation of Mr. Harry Fenn's "Picturesque America," numerous other pictures, and good stories, sketches, and miscellaneous matter. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, for January. Published by the Franklin Institute at their hall, Philada.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS, for February. Contains Oliver Optic's New Story. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

HANS BREITMANN AS AN UHLAN. With other new ballads. By CHARLES G. LELAND, author of "Hans Breitmann's Party," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. This is the fourth series of the "Breitmann Ballads," and doubtless will be quite as popular as the preceding ones.

AFTER DARK. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Gambetta says:—"No man of sense can doubt that in ten years we will see Russia at Constantinople, Prussia in Holland, Belgium and Trieste, and the whole control of the whole world delivered over to those Powers. The Czar looks further eastward, towards the English possessions. I believe myself," said Gambetta, "that the English people now see the error, and will hold the Ministry responsible when Parliament meets."

LONDON, Jan. 26.—The Anglo-American Committee, composed of eminent political, legal and military men, will shortly publish an exhaustive report on the fishery question and other points of difference between the United States and Canada. The conclusions of the report are somewhat unfavorable to the Americans, but nevertheless take the ground that the Canadian pretensions in the questions of head-land are unfounded.

An Artist's Story.

Philip G. Hamerton, in his delightful book, "The Unknown River," describing the villages on the banks of the Arroux, France, with their patriarchal life and their language, religion, and customs, that have remained almost unchanged from the Middle Ages, tells the following story:—"I was greatly astonished at the little hamlet to hear a man of saddened aspect speak of Boston. 'What Boston?' I asked, wondering how he should know of any Boston unless there were such a place quite near to him in France. 'It is of Boston in the United States of America that I am speaking, sir,' answered the man of the sad countenance, astonishing me more and more, for what French peasant knows that the United States exist, or the Atlantic Ocean either? So then he told me his tale, and as it is both a pretty tale and a true one, I repeat it here for the reader:

"It is simple and short enough. He and his wife were very poor indeed, almost destitute, and so, though they loved each other much, she went out as a nurse to Paris. In Paris she entered the service of some rich Americans, who, when they returned to their own country, offered her terms so tempting that she crossed the Atlantic with them. Year after year she sent her earnings to her husband, and year after year he laid by the hard-won gold, until there was enough of it to buy the cottage he lived in, and a little field or two, enough to keep them in independence all their lives. He took me into the cottage and showed me his wife's portrait (blessings on photography, that enables a poor man to have a portrait of the absent or the dead!) and kissed it tenderly in my presence, and said how hard the long separation was and how he looked for her return. As he said this the tears ran down his cheeks, and he showed me the bright, good walnut furniture in the cottage, and the fields by the riverside, and said that all this comfort was *her* doing, all this wealth *her* winning.

"She had learned to write on purpose that she might write to him—and month after month her kindly letters came, cheering him under the trial of her long absence. It was four years since she had left the cottage, and for these four lonely years the father had been like a widower, and the children had grown around him. And now the months went even more and more slowly, as it seemed, when he wanted them to go faster, for this very autumn she was to sail and come to enjoy the peace she had created. May the ship that brings her paddle prosperously across the wide Atlantic, and the good woman find her way in safety to her own cottage, and to the loyal heart that yearns and waits for her so wearily!

'Fair stands her cottage in its place,
Where you broad water sweetly, slowly glides;
It sees itself from thatch to base,
Dream in the sliding tides.'"

☞ A bill to repeal the odious and inquisitorial Income Tax has passed the Senate.

☞ Some few years since one of the clerks in a prominent banking-house of Albany, having had an intimation that it was proposed to dispense with his services, boldly entered the private office of the president and said—"Mr. President, I have made up my mind that the interests of this bank require that either you or myself should leave its service. As you are the leading owner of the bank, and have a large family to support, I have concluded to leave you in your position and retire myself." The young man then "retired."

☞ The rivers in South Carolina have been frozen over, for the first time in thirty-seven years.

☞ The finest rubies in the world come from the famous ruby mines of Burmah in the East Indies. No European is allowed to visit them.

☞ Opinions grounded upon mere prejudice are always sustained with the greatest violence.

WOMAN'S FASCINATION OF WOMAN.

BY ANNE E. M'DOWELL.

Our article of week before last, respecting the psychological power exercised by certain women over others of their sex, has attracted much attention—not in consequence of its merit as a literary production, but because its subject-matter was one of great interest to a large portion of the community, inasmuch as the infatuation of which it treated is wide-spread and deeply deplored. We have heard from five women, each of whom, having a love affair of the kind alluded to on hand, have fancied that we had held them up to public ridicule and reproach. These persons, one and all, declare themselves innocent of having made use of any voluntary art, sorcery, or magic, to obtain the peculiar and absorbing affection which has been bestowed upon them by young girls. Indeed, all who have pleaded guilty of this power of attraction, assert that it is exercised involuntarily and against their will, and that they have rather discouraged and regretted the demonstrations of love showered upon them by girls who are, in most cases, mentally weak and physically inferior.

A teacher, who called upon us to talk over the subject, declared that the ceaseless and oppressive affection manifested for her by one of her pupils (a very unattractive girl of fourteen) was both troublesome and painful to her, the child being so jealous and exacting as to give way to a burst of tears, to be followed by a fit of sulks, whenever any other scholar won the approbation of her teacher. Indeed, she assured us that if, in the hurry of her duties, she omitted to bestow upon the girl in question some special mark of recognition, the result would be that the child would cry herself into a spell of illness which would sometimes last a week. Our informant averred that she had never associated with this pupil out of school-hours, and yet her daily tasks were made a burden and weariness to her because of the wild and persistent adoration of one of whom she could neither make a friend nor companion. This teacher thinks, with us, that this unnatural and inordinate affection, which is so common between women, is the result of an abnormal mental or physical condition in one or both of the persons who are its victims, and she earnestly desires to see it scientifically explained.

We have also had several letters from parents thanking us for taking hold of this subject, and offering further testimony as to the frequency of cases such as we commented upon. "A Father" says: "I distinctly recognise the 'grass widow' mentioned by you as one who temporarily so infatuated my young daughter as to drive her—by exciting her jealousy—to an attempt to commit suicide. She swallowed an ounce of laudanum, and then avowed her deed and its cause. Fortunately a physician was summoned in time to relieve her of the poison, and the stomach-pump not only removed the fluid, but with it the morbid love she entertained for a bad, intriguing woman."

In response to our appeal for information from physicians and others who have studied these psychological attractions, we have received the following communication:—

It was with interest, and yet with sadness, that I read the letter from "A Mother," detailing the strange infatuation of her daughter, which was published in the Dispatch of the 8th instant.

From similar cases that I have known and studied, I am prepared to state that I believe the origin of the singular phenomena characterizing them is purely physical. But it is also true that the mental organization is very soon disturbed, and that it is characterized by different symptoms in different cases. If these cases are chronic, they are not easily cured. The girl described by the mother should be separated from her female lover, and should mingle freely in young and gay society of both sexes.

As a rule such a girl is likely to become quite indifferent, or even averse, to the society of the other sex; but, undoubtedly, pleasant associations with males near her own age are decidedly beneficial. Temperance in all things of course should be rigidly enforced. Genial employment is exceedingly valuable in the treatment. Generally there is but little inclination for study, and this inclination may be humored. I may here add that our boarding-schools are not the institutions in which to educate this class of girls. Those most liable to become infatuated with one of their own sex are between fourteen and sixteen years of age; and, in those cases I have observed, the infatuator (if I may use the term) has invariably been either single or a motherless widow. I can offer no explanation for these facts.

For this disorder I know of no specific in the Materia Medica. Its limit depends—and also its cure—upon circumstances and upon obedience to natural laws. PHYSICIAN.

This writer may be correct in ascribing these phenomena to "purely physical" causes; but our observation, and an examination of cases presented to us within the past week, have compelled a belief that this attraction is one of pure mentality, the weaker mind and physique clinging to and resting upon the stronger. We are all prone to admire and to overrate the value of gifts and talents which we ourselves do not possess. Hence it is that mental cleverness, which is exceptional in the female sex, is so highly appreciated by women. We all remember to have seen perfectly pure, excellent and conscientious wives and mothers led away from home and its duties, day after day, in pursuit of some favorite preacher, actor, or singer. Those given to erratic fancies of this sort imagine—if a preacher be the object of attraction—that it is religious zeal and love for the gospel which actuates them; whilst those who are enamored of actors or singers attribute their enthusiasm for individuals to love of music, or of art. They are all wrong in their conclusions; for, in fact, the attraction in each case is due to personal (and sometimes involuntary) magnetism—the result of mental or artistic cleverness.

That this involuntary magnetism may be unconsciously exercised by women of strong nature over young and weak, yet thoroughly pure girls, we believe; and yet in many instances, that the psychological influence is exerted intentionally and with evil effect, we are also sure. Some women are—like all men—fond of power and are not over-scrupulous in its exercise when acquired. These are they who alienate children from their parents and homes, and who encourage reticence and sulkiness on their part towards those to whom their confidence and affection of right belong; and it is to the discouragement and cure of these unnatural fancies that we desire to draw the attention of parents and the public.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

☞ The San Antonio postmaster received a letter lately, "To my Mammy." It was not delivered till, some weeks after, a small, fierce-looking old woman appeared at the post-office window, saying, "Mister, have you got any letter there from my Johnny?" when he hit the mark at once.

☞ A Bill of expense to his country—William of Prussia.

☞ Fifty-nine newspapers in towns and cities on the Pacific coast have perished during the present year.

Remarkable Discoveries of Boiling Springs, Geysers, &c.

For many years past the *terra incognita* of the United States has been the region forming the head waters of the Yellowstone River, to the north of the Wind River Mountains. Traditions have prevailed for a long time of the existence there of a large lake, and of boiling springs and spouting fountains, of terrific waterfalls, and other wonderful works of nature. Trappers have looked into the mysterious region from the summits of the neighboring mountains, but did not dare any nearer approach, owing to the physical obstacles and the fear of Indians. Colonel Reynolds, in his last expedition into the Upper Missouri region, in which he was accompanied by Dr. Hayden as geologist, aimed to reach the locality referred to, but was prevented by deep snows and other impediments. We now learn from a Montana journal that a party of bold explorers from Helena, fourteen in number, under the lead of General H. D. Washburne, have at last solved the interesting problem, having visited the country, and returned, after an absence of six weeks, with a report of their discoveries. They left on the 17th of August, and proceeding to Fort Ellis, were there joined by an escort of five soldiers. Leaving this fort on the 22d of the month, they continued their route through Bozeman's Pass, and after a short time reached the valley of the Yellowstone. Up this stream they advanced for several days, until they arrived at the Great Fall on Cascade Creek. This was found to be upward of 300 feet in height, and of great magnificence, its swift waters flowing afterward through a canon in some places 2,000 feet in depth.

Still farther up the river they came to a region abounding in hot sulphur and mud springs, the heated vapors steaming forth perpetually through the openings in the soil.

Leaving the falls and proceeding up the river, they met with another remarkable series of springs and mud volcanoes. On one hill they found a large spring, filled with boiling water, gushing up in a basin formed of pure, solid brimstone. Around this were other springs of different characters, while sulphur occurred in inexhaustible abundance. A series of springs was seen in which the mud was constantly bubbling up in a kind of thick mush, one of them forming a volcano, from which the mud was ejected to a great height.

The most remarkable discovery of the party, however, was that of a valley abounding in geysers of enormous dimensions, the largest throwing a solid column of water from 150 to 250 feet in height. There were a dozen of large size, while the smaller ones were almost innumerable. As usual in these hot springs, the borders were constituted by a hardened deposit from the water of a silicious character and of great beauty, looking as if carved out by the art of the sculptor.

In the course of the expedition a lake of steaming hot water was found, 450 yards in diameter, resting in a basin which had been built up by its own overflow to a height of 50 feet. The ultimate destination of the party—namely, the Yellowstone Lake—was ascertained to be a body of water about twenty-two miles in length and fifteen miles in width, and at a level above the sea (as shown by the barometer) of about 8,000 feet.

The length of time which the party was able to spend in this region of wonders was too limited to determine whether still greater marvels might not exist in the neighborhood; and we presume it will not be long before a thorough exploration of the whole region will be made, and all its hidden curiosities brought to light. One of the party, Mr. N. P. Langford, is, we understand, now in the East, for the purpose of delivering some lectures on the subject of the journey; intending also to prepare a detailed account of it to be published in one of our leading magazines.

☞ Senator Robertson, of South Carolina, recently said in a speech, that of his own personal knowledge at least one-fifth of the clerks in the Treasury Department never made a pretence of performing any duty, and also mentioned the case of a Post-office clerk who for one year has drawn his salary without entering the door of the department.

☞ A Memphian has sued a New York bitters man because twenty-four bottles didn't cure him.

☞ George Eliot hints that the rustic practice of chewing the end of a straw may be some faint reminiscence of the time when the human animal was granivorous.

☞ The life of an editor is not always free from care. They have to stand this up in Newman, Ga.: "Come and look, mother," said a little boy, "there goes an editor." "My son, you should not make sport of the poor man; you cannot tell to what extremity you may come."

☞ A Virginia girl of 16 has died of homesickness, at a Richmond boarding-school.

☞ What house pet is that so generally admired, sought after and valued, yet more abused, trampled upon, kicked about, looked down upon, and whipped than any other? A car-pet.

☞ A Chicago saloon is called "Lamb's Rest." Folks look sheepish when they come out.

☞ A Boston firm tans alligator and anaconda skins for shoe leather.

☞ Conversation between an inquiring stranger and a steamboat pilot:—"That is Black Mountain?" "Yes, sir; highest mountain above Lake George." "Any story or legend connected with that mountain?" "Lots of 'em. Two lovers went up that mountain once and never came back again." "Indeed, why; what became of them?" "Went down on the other side."

☞ It is objected to a morning paper that it is two-cents-ational.

☞ "Why don't you wear your ring, my dear?" said a father in a ball-room to his daughter. "Because, papa, it hurts me when any one squeezes my hand." "What business have you to have your hand squeezed?" "Certainly none; but still you know, papa, one would like to keep it in squeezable order."

☞ The following are the ages of several prominent New York millionaires:—William B. Astor is nearly 78; Alexander T. Stewart, 60; Cornelius Vanderbilt, 76; Daniel Drew, 71; Peter Cooper, 79; George Law, 73.

☞ How to learn singing:—Go to a store and lift a few notes; this being the first lesson, you may subsequently learn what is meant by "bars."

☞ Virtue is not always its own reward. At one of the Wellsburg, O., churches, on Thanksgiving day, somebody quietly dropped a one hundred dollar greenback in the money bag, and the unknown donor has the satisfaction of hearing his home paper say that the gift is either a mistake or conscience money.

GOSSIP A LA MODE.

"I heard it!" "Who told you?" "Her friend." (!) "You don't say!" "'Tis dreadful!" "Yes, awful!" "Don't tell it, I pray!"

"Good gracious!" "Who'd think it?" "Well! well! well!" "Dear me!" "I've had my Suspicions!" "And I, too, you see!"

"Lord help us!" "Poor creature!" "So artful!" "So sly!" "No beauty!" "Quite thirty!" "Between you and I!"

"I am going!" "Do stay, love!" "I can't!" "I'm forlorn!" "Farewell, dear!" "Good-by, sweet!" "*I'm glad she is gone!*"

Beecher and Spurgeon.

Mr. Beecher has revised his refusal to receive an increase of salary, and has left the matter in the hands of friends. The trustees have voted an annual stipend of $20,000. This places Mr. Beecher financially at the head of the clerical host. He has probably the largest regular congregation in the land, and, except Spurgeon's, in the world. The choir of Plymouth Church, the organ, the Sunday-school, are in the same gigantic proportions with the congregation. Spurgeon's income is probably larger than Mr. Beecher's. Every seat in his great house is rented, and the entire revenue comes into Spurgeon's hands to be disposed of as he pleases. He pays his own salary, and distributes the rest to advance the cause. Elders and deacons can only use the funds by applying to the private secretary, and leaving their personal receipt.

A PARAGRAPH is going the rounds cautioning the public against the use of an article passing for "golden syrup," which is not a true product of the sugar-cane, but made from starch by the use of sulphuric acid. A test is also recommended for detecting the spurious article by using tannic acid, or a little tea, when the mixture will turn black like ink. A correspondent of the American Chemist shows that this test would be very likely to mislead a person into accepting the spurious article and rejecting the true. The test simply determines the presence of iron, which gives the ink reaction. All cane sugars and syrups are manufactured in iron vessels; and, in spite of the efforts to exclude the metal, it is quite likely to be present in them, while the spurious article made from starch is more likely to be free from iron. The spurious article is, however, alleged to be a good, healthy sugar, called grape-sugar, the sugar of raisins, but not so sweet as cane-sugar.

THE INCOME TAX.—The Commissioner of Internal Revenue states that the revenue from the tax on incomes this year would scarcely reach seven million of dollars. He is of the opinion that the salaries of officials, the amount for printing, and other incidental expenses would about equal this sum. The only reason for continuing the tax therefore is to raise seven millions out of the people, in order to pay the whole of it away to political favorites.

WHY SAM HOUSTON EXILED HIMSELF.—The reason of the strange disappearance of Samuel Houston, in the early part of his life, when he left a lovely bride and the governorship of Tennessee, and exiled himself among the Indians for many years, has lately been revealed. He discovered, within a few hours after his marriage, that his wife did not love him, but had been urged into the match by an ambitious family, while loving another man. He at once retired from the house, and by his subsequent exile gave the lady a right to the divorce which she obtained.

☞ There are in the United States 1,360,600 constantly sick, being 24 to each physician.

☞ A Colorado editor avenges himself on a rival by publishing his marriage under the head of "Crimes and Casualties."

☞ The preposterous fashion of "treating" is responsible for much of the terrible drunkenness in America, and is not to be met with in any other country.

☞ The winter has been so severe in England that birds are dying of hunger. Among blackbirds the mortality is great.

☞ Be careful about carrying lead pencils in your pockets. A Mr. Bonacher, of Sharon, Pa., slipped and fell a few days ago, and the point of a pencil he had in his pocket pierced his side, causing almost instant death.

☞ There is reason to believe that some of the prevailing blonde chignons are made of the light fantastic tow.

☞ It is very rare to find in Lisbon any one who has ever heard of Camoens, the greatest of Portuguese poets. Such is fame.

☞ A would-be school-teacher in Alabama recently replied to a question by one of the examiners, "Do you think the world is round or flat?" by saying, "Well, some people think one way and some another, and I'll teach round or flat, just as the parents please."

☞ An exchange says:—"The members of the Norwich Common Council were warmly greeted the other night as 'My brethren in the Lord,' by a prematurely bald young man, who thought their chamber was the room of the Christian Association. The young man meant well, but he never made a greater mistake."

☞ There are some people who would not only destroy all wickedness in the world, but almost all goodness, when it does not make its appearance under the form or with the sanction of their own particular opinions.

☞ Who would live in San Francisco when he might live in Sacramento? writes a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial. In short, who would be an owl? Down there they live in such a fog that their eyes are yellow, and there is so much sand blowing in the streets that it wears off their eyelashes. The wind blows off their hats so much that they are baldheaded. They wear off all their toe-nails to the quick in climbing their steep hills.

☞ No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of good temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like flowers springing up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Kind words and looks are the outward demonstration; patience and forbearance are the sentinels within.

☞ An inquiring widow, who appealed to her departed husband to advise her whether she had better make a purchase she was contemplating, has been answered, the "communication" being published in the Banner of Light, and being in effect as follows:—"My answer is, do just as you please, because I know you will any way. I don't forget people's dispositions, even if I have been through death. So, Nancy, do just as you please. If you want to buy, buy; and if you get into trouble by it, get out of it. You are smart enough."

☞ The Harvard Advocate popularizes science in this poetic fashion:—

TO PUPILS IN ELOCUTION.

The human lungs reverberate sometimes
with great velocity,
When windy individuals indulge in much
verbosity.
They have to twirl the glottis sixty thousand
times a minute,
And push and punch the diaphragm as though
the deuce was in it.

CHORUS.

The pharynx now goes up;
The larynx, with a slam,
Ejects a note
From out the throat,
Pushed by the diaphragm.

☞ Lecturing is not always profitable in the West. In Toledo, Ohio, recently, a feminine orator took but $15 at the door, and the fever-and-ague in the hall.

☞ Seventy-two different words may be made from the word *strange*.

☞ A Boston chemist says that burnt sole leather enters largely into the composition of the ginger put up in packages.

☞ The unusual celebration—a pearl wedding—sixty years—took place in Bergen, New Jersey, on Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. George Tice were the groomsman and bride, the former 91 years old, the latter 87. They have fifty-nine living descendants.

☞ Richmond, Va., boasts that of the 1,600 of her citizens who died in 1870, only 4 died of intemperance.

☞ An Illinois lady waved a red flag, stopped the train, and asked the conductor for a chew of tobacco for her old man.

☞ The Chicago Times, in chronicling the fact that a man there married to get out of jail, remarks that "some chaps have a queer idea of liberty."

☞ Sunflowers possess the power of purifying the air. A few rows of this plant have, in Italy, produced favorable results in the health of the neighborhood.

☞ ROCKED TO SLEEP.—A Japanese pillow is a curiosity in its way. It is nothing but a rocker of a cradle, broad enough to stand alone, with a semi-circular depression on the upper side. The Japanese lie at full length on the floor; place, not their head, but their neck, in the crescent-shaped hollow on the upper side of the pillow, and rock themselves to sleep in a few minutes.

☞ A Sioux City teacher hung a small boy with a rope, a few minutes at a time, to make him confess to pinching another boy. Having choked him to insensibility, the pedagogue was escorted from town by the citizens, who picturesquely arrayed him in tar and feathers.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—12,000 bbls sold at prices from $5@5,50 for superfine; $6,65@6,85 for extra, $6,75@7 for Penna extra family; $7@7,62½ for Northwest extra family; $7@7,50 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $7,75@8,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sells at $5,25@5,50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—40,000 bus sold at $1,58@1,60 for Indiana red; $1,42@1,50 for Penna red; $1,40@1,50 for Delaware red; 1,62@1,70 for amber, and $1,75@1,85 ₩ bus for white. Rye—Small sales are reported at 97c@$1 ₩ bus. Corn—Sales of 70,000 bus at 77@82c for yellow, 81c for white, and 76@82c for Western mixed. Oats—Sales of 75,000 bus at 57@58c for mixed, and 59@60c ₩ bus for white. Barley—3000 bus of four rowed New York at $1 ₩ bushel.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $22@23; clear at $24, and extra prime at $19. Mess Beef at $20,50@22 ₩ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $30 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 16@17c; Excelsior hams at 17c; sides at 12c, and shoulders at 10½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 13½@14½c; sides at 10c, and shoulders, in salt, at 9@9½c Lard—Sales of 450 bbls and tierces at 13½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 13@17c; Penna store packed at 20@24c, and roll at 25@30c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 33@35c ₩ dozen. Cheese sells at 16@16½c ₩ lb.

COTTON—700 bales of middlings sold at 13½c ₩ lb for upland and 15½@16c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron at $30 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $16@22 ₩ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX sells at 21@22c ₩ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 2@7½c for Apples, and 9@9½c ₩ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $1,50@2,50 ₩ bbl. Cranberries sell at $12@16 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ₩ 100 lbs, $1,10@1,20; mixed, do 90c@$1; Straw, 1,10@1,15.

IRON—Pig Iron—We quote No 1 at $20@21; 200 tons of No 2 sold at $20. Bar Iron sells at $71@75 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $33 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—1000 bus sold, at 11@11½c ₩ lb. Timothy is quoted at $0@6,25. Flaxseed at $2@2,10.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1950 head. The prices realized from 4@8¼ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $60 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—13,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6c ₩ lb. 4200 Hogs sold at from $6 to $9,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I had long desired to possess a sewing machine, and tried several, but failed to master the intricate mechanism and doubted my ability to ever operate successfully. Since I have had the Grover & Baker I have done all kinds of work on different materials, have never been troubled to make perfect work on thick or thin goods, and am so pleased with my machine, that I would not sell it for any price unless I could get another like it."

Mrs. E. WILDER,
No. 7 Washington St., Chicago.

A Morning Visit.

Mrs. Graham.—Kate, where is your mother, this morning? Kate.—She is in the kitchen making mince pies. Mrs. G.—Why Kate, you surprise me! Mrs. Crocker told me only a few days ago that she was quite sick, and not able to be about. Kate.—Oh yes; she has been quite sick; but the day after Mrs. C. was here, ma sent for a bottle of PLANTATION BITTERS, and has taken it three times a day since. It worked like a charm, and ma says she is better and stronger than she has been for years. She thinks it the best medicine in the world, and wants me to take some; but it is so awful bitter I do not like it. I have taken it several times, but it gives me such an appetite that I tell ma her mince pies will not last long. Mrs. G.—Good-morning, Kate. Give my love to your mother, and tell her she is safe so long as she has PLANTATION BITTERS in the house.

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, custards, creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

TO Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.*
nov26-6m

Consumption

☞ CAN BE CURED BY LIEBIG'S LIFE CURE
Sample package and treatise free.
Address, Dr. T. F. BURT, 737 Sixth Avenue, New York. jan21-13t

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 54 Front St., New York.
oct1-tf

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH
BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND
WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
SECURED TO ALL.
RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN
RESOLVENT HAS MADE
THE MOST
ASTONISHING CURES.
SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE
CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES
UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS
TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE,
THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN
FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrotula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the
Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

Unanswerable Arguments.

Established facts are silent arguments which neither pen nor tongue can shake, and it is upon established facts that the reputation of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, as a health-preserving elixir, and a wholesome and powerful remedy, is based. When witnesses come forward in crowds, year after year, and reiterate the same statements in relation to the beneficial effects of a medicine upon *themselves*, disbelief it its efficacy is *literally impossible*. The credentials of this unequalled tonic and alterative, extending over a period of nearly twenty years, include individuals of every class, and residents of every clime, and refer to the most prevalent among the complaints which afflict and harass the human family. Either a multitude of people, strangers to each other, have annually been seized with an insane and motiveless desire to deceive the public, or HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, for no less than a fifth of a century, have afforded such relief to sufferers from indigestion, fever and ague, billiousness, general debility, and nervous disorders, as no other preparation has ever imparted. To-day, *while the eyes of the reader are upon these lines*, tens of thousands of persons, of both sexes, are relying upon the Bitters as a sure defence against the ailments which the present season engenders, and their confidence is not misplaced. The local potions which interested dealers sometimes endeavor to foist upon the sick in its stead, are everywhere meeting the fate that is due to fraud and imposture, while the demand for the great vegetable specific is constantly increasing. feb4-4t

Unnatural Redness

Of the NOSE or FACE imparts unsightliness to the most beautiful countenance. This annoying personal affliction is positively cured by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Send for circular. jan14-4t

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN,

use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Sold by druggists everywhere. Depot, 49 Bond st., New York. jan7-2m

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Pimply Eruptions, Black Heads, Flesh Worms, or Grubs, and Blotched Disfigurations on the *Face*, use *PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.* Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Wholesale in Philadelphia by JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 602 Arch St. jan7-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Dec. 28th, 1870, at the residence of the bride's parents, near Parkesburg, Chester county, by the Rev. Henry R. Smith, Mr. THOMAS W. BROOMALL, of Millerton, New York, to Miss SALLIE WILSON, youngest daughter of Elias Eby, of the former place.

On the 15th of Jan., by the Rev. Wm. M. Ridgway, Mr. JAMES W. DEMPSEY to Mrs. MARY C. ENGLISH, all of this city.

On the 12th of Jan., by the Rev. T. W. Simpers, Mr. GEO. LINDLEY to Miss JANE GREAVES, all of this city.

On the 16th of Jan., by the Rev. J. Todd, Mr. WILLIAM F. MOONEY to Miss ANNA M. RITCH, both of this city.

On the 16th of Jan., by the Rev. John G. Wiehle, Mr. JOHN S. WETTER to Miss L. WETTER, both of this city.

On the 17th of Jan., by the Rev. C. H. Quick, Mr. WM. P. LANSDOWN to Miss EMMA F. PUGH, both of this city.

On the 19th of Jan., by the Rev. Dr. Jastrow, Mr. MAX JASSEE to Miss ROSA GOLDSMITH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th of Jan., Mr. STEPHEN COLWELL, in the 71st year of his age.

On the 15th of Jan., MARGARET PARKER, in the 60th year of her age.

On the 17th of Jan., SAMUEL ZANE, in the 61st year of his age.

On the 16th of Jan., GEORGE NELSON, in the 74th year of his age.

On the 17th of Jan., Miss KATE ANDREWS, in the 22d year of her age.

On the 18th of Jan., ANDREW J. RILEY, in the 60th year of his age.

On the 19th of Jan., NATHAN BARRETT, in the 47th year of his age.

On the 18th of Jan., Miss ANN MARTIN, aged 68 years.

On the 20th of Jan., Capt. WOODMAN BICKHAM, Sr., in the 83d year of his age.

On the 20th of Jan., GEORGE W. L. JOHNSON, aged 56 years.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Bessy Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

We commenced in THE POST of Jan. 7th, a

STORY OF ADVENTURE

By GUSTAVE AIMARD, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of THE POST is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meats and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of THE POST without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS.

We are still able to offer all *NEW* subscribers

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

beginning their subscriptions for 1871 with the paper of October 8th, which contains the beginning of LEONIE'S MYSTERY, by Frank Lee Benedict. This is

THIRTEEN PAPERS

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

WE HAVE A GOODLY SUPPLY OF BACK NUMBERS STILL ON HAND.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Terms on the second page of this paper.

Perfuming Oneself.

The fondness for perfuming themselves prevails to an excess among Arab ladies of the present day. Sir Samuel Baker, in his very interesting volume upon the Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, says of them—"Not only are the Arabs particular in their pomade, but great attention is bestowed upon perfumery, especially by the women. Various perfumes are brought from Cairo by the travelling native merchants, among which those most in demand are oil of roses, oil of sandal-wood, an essence from the blossoms of a species of mimosa, essence of musk, and the oil of cloves." He then goes on to tell us the peculiar process made use of by the Arab ladies in perfuming. "In the floor of the tent or hut, as it may chance to be, a small hole is excavated sufficiently large to contain a common champagne bottle; a fire of charcoal or of simply glowing embers is made within the hole, into which the woman about to be scented throws a handful of drugs; she then takes off the cloth or tope which forms her dress and crouches naked over the fumes, while she arranges her robe to fall as a mantle from her neck to the ground like a tent. She now begins to perspire freely in the hot-air bath, and the pores of the skin being thus opened and moist, the volatile oil from the smoke of the burning perfumes is immediately absorbed. By the time that the fire has expired the scenting process is completed, and both her person and robe are redolent of incense, with which they are so thoroughly impregnated that I have frequently smelt a party of women strongly at full a hundred yards' distance, when the wind has been blowing from their direction."

This scent is supposed by the Arab ladies to be so attractive to the opposite sex that the great traveller gives the receipt for it. It is composed of ginger, cloves, cinnamon, frankincense, sandal-wood, myrrh, a species of seaweed brought from the Red Sea, and lastly, the horny disc which covers the aperture when a shellfish withdraws itself within its shell. The proportions of the ingredients in this fatal mixture are according to taste. Our readers are far too sensible to fall into the error of the women of Arabia—to imagine that they could gain the hearts of those they admire by overpowering their nasal organs.

It is generally admitted that nothing can be in worse taste than for a lady to create an atmosphere about her—to walk about as an unstopped scent-bottle, and when she leaves a room to leave behind her such evidences of her presence, that, like a badly blown out candle, her exit can be marked by every nose. That which is pleasant and agreeable in moderation becomes very offensive in excess. Indeed, there are very scents that are agreeable to every person, and all, even the most acceptable, are overpowering to every one when they exceed a certain degree in strength.

ONLY A LOCK OF HAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

This silken look with golden shining,
That round my fingers I am twining,
  Waved once around a childish face;
And fond hands, nestling 'monget each fold,
Caressed each tress of floating gold.
  'Tis but a curl of hair,
  And yet this ringlet fair,
  Brings back to me an infant's grace.

Once—when the sunlight, downward streaming,
Hid 'monget her curls, or outward gleaming,
  Danced merrily across the brow—
I laughing cried: "For memory
One glancing tress I take with me:
  One little lock of hair
  From 'monget your plenteous share!"
  —'Tis all of worth that's left me now.

At peace she lies beneath the willow,
The hair floats o'er its final pillow,
  And ripples like the waves forever.
Birds' notes drift with her dreams along,
Till, wakening, her mellow song
  Rings through the heavenly air,
  The while her golden hair
  Is pressed by lips across the river.

The willow bends and slowly sways,
And one lone woman kneeling prays,
  While joyous linnets laugh for glee.
The summer azure smile above,
Is mocking her that hath no child to love:
  Only a lock of hair
  Cut from the plenteous share,
  And kept long years for memory.

M. M. D.

Mesmerism and Matrimony.

A BACHELOR'S STORY.

Martin Speed was a bachelor. He had backed and filled, and hesitated and doubted about entering upon the "blissful state" of matrimony, until the fire of youthful passion was all spent, and matrimony had become a problem to him as dry and formal as one in old Walsh's Arithmetic; to be ciphered out for an answer, as much as that proposition about carrying the fox, goose and bag of corn across the creek, that everybody "problemly" remembers. Being a phrenologist, he left the province of hearts, altogether, and went to examining heads, to ascertain the craniological developments of a woman's fitness for the position of a wife to Martin Speed, Esq., as letters came addressed to him at the Speedwell post-office. The town of Speedwell was named for an ancestor of his, and boasted of several thousands of inhabitants; and, as it was a factory place, it had a goodly share of good-looking marriageable girls.

Martin studied Combe and Spurzheim and Gall, and grew bitter as disappointment saw him enter his forty-first year a bachelor. He looked back on the past, and saw the chances he had neglected, and the happiness of those who had started with him, and were now portly people, the heads and fronts of families; and the delicate damsels he had slighted, respected mothers in Israel, and exemplary and amiable wives. He sought every opportunity for examining the heads of such as would submit themselves to his hand with a hope of catching the bachelor; for they knew his weakness, and he was well-to-do and an eligible match. But in vain he looked for perfection. The bumps would not be arranged as he wished them. If he took a liking to a pretty face, phrenology immediately gave it the lie straight, and he at once avoided it.

It was at this juncture that a biological lecturer—and grave professor in that science—came to Speedwell, and gave a series of exhibitions. These Martin attended, and biology at once became an "intensity" with him—a "new emotion." He attended all the exhibitions; saw men personate roosters and crow; hens and scratch; shiver with cold or burn with heat, at the will of the operator; saw a miser endeavor to clutch an eagle held out to him while under the influence of the wonderful spell, and the tongue of a woman stilled who for twenty years had been the pest of Speedwell by her loquacity.

This put the mind of Martin on a new track. He sold his old phrenological works and devoted himself to the study of the wonderful science through which such marvels were performed. The professor was a fine teacher, and Martin placed himself under his tuition. He succeeded admirably. In a short time he surpassed his instructor, and had more than his powers in influencing the susceptible among his weak brethren and sisters.

He formed a resolution to himself, that through this means he would gain a wife. Could he find one that his science could control—one that at a glance he could transfix like the man who was stopped by the mesmerizer half-way down, as he was falling from the roof of a house—he would marry her; for the reason, dear reader, that Martin had not married, was that he had heard of wives wearing—the authority over their lords, and he was a timid man.

In this new science he saw security, and sedulously sought for one of the right description. At every party where he was invited, at every sewing circle, at every knot of factory girls in which he mingled in the summer evenings, he tried his art, but without success. At last, when on the point of despairing, accident gave what he had failed of obtaining by earnest seeking.

A widow—dangerous to bacheloric peace, as edged tools are to the careless hands of the inexperienced—came to the village on a visit. The weeds had not been removed that marked her bereavement, and the merest touch of melancholy rested on her brow, but her eye was laughing, and a sweet curl strayed away and lay like a chiselled eddy upon the marble of her cheek. She had a jewel on her hand, and the black dress she wore was cut judiciously—the milliner that cut it had been a widow herself, and knew how to manage such matters—showing a beautiful white shoulder, and revealing a bust of rare loveliness. Martin met the widow at the residence of a friend, and liked her. He had never seen so prepossessing a woman, he thought. But she had buried one husband, and that was rather a drawback. One visit led to another, the liking still increasing, until he broached the subject of biology, with a wish, fervently felt, that this might be the woman he sought. She was fully acquainted with it, and in answer to his question if she was susceptible to its influence, she replied that she didn't know, but was willing to have the fact tested.

What a position for Martin! Seated by her side on a sofa, with her hand laid in his, her rich, dark eyes resting upon his with a look equal to that which the Widow Wadman poured into those of the unsuspecting Toby in the stillness of a summer evening. But science held him secure, and his nerves were as calm as the summer day of that evening. By-and-by the beautiful lids drooped, the head bent gently forward, and the widow, with a sweet smile upon her lips, lay fast asleep. Martin could have shouted "Eureka," in his delight at the discovery. Now his pulse quickened, and he stooped to kiss the lips that lay unresisting before him; but he didn't. By the exercise of his power he awakened her, and she was much surprised at being caught napping, and blushed at the strangeness of it; and blushed more when Martin told her how he had been tempted, and how gloriously he had resisted; and laughed a little when she slapped his cheek with her fingers as he took pay from the widow's lips for his self-denial, and went home half crazy with joy at his new-found treasure, more like a boy of nineteen than a matured gentleman of forty.

Every night found him a visitor at the widow's, and every night the success of the science was proved, until by a mere look or a wave of the hand the beautiful widow became a subject to his will, and he at the same time a subject of hers. She was such a splendid creature, too! You would not find in a long journey another fairer, or more intelligent, or more virtuous. The question might be asked, what magnetism was the most pleasant or most powerful, his or hers. But he thought only of his own, not deeming that he was in a spell more powerful, that was irrevocably binding him. What could an old bachelor know of such a thing?

This state of things grew to a crisis at last, and Martin formally proposed to the widow that the two should be made one, by the transmutation of the church. To this she assented; and it was announced soon after, to the astonishment of all, that Martin Speed had married the Widow Goode. The punster of the village made a notable pun about Good-Speed, at which people laughed very much; and the editor of one of the papers, who was a very funny man, put it in print.

It happened, shortly after the marriage, that they had a famous party, and some of the guests bantered Martin about his marriage, upon which he told them of the manner it came about. They were a little incredulous, and he volunteered to give them some specimens of his remarkable power over his wife.

She was in another room attending to some female friends, when he called her to him. She came immediately, and he asked her to sit down, which she did. He took her hand and looked into her eyes, to put her to sleep. Her eyes were wide open, and a lurking spirit of mischief looked out of them broadly into his. He waved his hands before them, but they remained persistently open. He bent the force of his will to their subjugation, but it was of no use.

"Mr. Speed," said she, laughing, "I don't believe the magnetism of the husband is equal to that of the lover; or, perhaps, science and matrimony are at war."

She said this in a manner to awaken a strong suspicion in his mind that she had humbugged him, and had never been put to sleep at all. His friends, as friends will when they fancy a poor fellow has got into a bobble, laughed at him, and told the story all round the village. For months he was an object of sport to everybody. People would make passes over each other as he passed, and women would shut their eyes and look knowing. But, whether *his* power had gone or not, *hers* remained; and he cared not a fig for their laughing, for he was happy in the beautiful spell of affection which she threw over him, that bound him as a chain of flowers.

The attempt to close her eyes was never repeated, for he was too glad to see them open to wish to lose sight of them. Life with Speed sped well, and Martin became a father in time. He never regretted the expedient he adopted to get his wife, though he never could make out exactly whether she had humbugged him or not.

The Red Hand.

BY W. M. BAKER.

It seems to me like yesterday, that I left for the then westernmost West. Through all the web of my life in the West, like a scarlet thread, there ran—murder, cold-blooded murder! Allow me to record an instance of this, merely asking the reader to be so kind as to do his own moralizing as we go along.

We are across the Mississippi River now; and a Doctor, handsome, thoroughly educated, exceedingly refined, almost effeminate in tone and manner, was the exceedingly popular physician of a community there, which was to him as the quartz to the gold held in its gritty grasp. Dr. Harrington had, I recall, that reputation as a consummate surgeon which is possessed in a singular degree by practitioners of a slight, lithe, womanly frame and temperament; peculiar frailty, as of a permanent hurt or ill health, though not the case with Dr. Harrington, seeming to impart that combination of exceeding delicacy and iron determination essential to a surgeon, as to any artist—specially essential, perhaps, to one whose tools are applied to human flesh, with its tangle of muscles, veins and nerves. I remember the Doctor also as a sincere Christian, an officer in the church, the beloved superintendent of the Sabbath school, the sweetest singer of all the congregation. I ask myself, was it a touch of dandyism which caused the Doctor, always dressed with the utmost care, to carry that gold-headed cane?

Why make a long story of it? Any satisfactory information as to the name or cause of anger of the bully who attacked the Doctor that day in the public square I do not possess. How well I recall the ferocious face of the blackguard—bearded, bloated, his moustaches bristling like those of a cat, as, after long and loud abuse, he suddenly whipped out an eighteen inch bowie-knife and rushed upon his foe as a butcher would upon a sheep—if you could but imagine a butcher enraged against the sheep. Up to that moment the Doctor had done his utmost in low and almost beseeching tones to deprecate the wrath of his assailant, wholly free from all fault himself, as every one knew then and afterward, and without the need of explanation. Every gesture was one of deprecation, his left hand holding his cane behind him. When the bully sprang upon him with drawn knife and the yell of a savage, almost before the rapidly assembling crowd realized that nothing could prevent the instant death of the quiet victim, there flashed before the eyes of the would-be assassin the long, slight sword which the Doctor had drawn with the instinct of self-preservation from his cane. It seemed like a silver wire, glittering here and there, no defence at all to the downward slashing of the great knife in the hand of the desperado determined to slay!

We all remember that exquisite bas-relief on the pediment of the Parthenon, the chariot race, the victor therein,

"With calm, uneager face,
The foremost in the race!"

Even then the Doctor's face, in profile to me where I stood, brought that Phidian face to my mind, so unhurried, so statue-like in repose at the moment existence hung upon eye and hand.

Allow me to say just here that it is very easy for you, respected reader, to ask—indignantly, too—why I stood, why everybody on such occasions always does stand, so inactive while precious life was in peril? Will "It was all so sudden" do for an answer? This then, "It was so evidently somebody *else's* business to stop the murder." Justly and deeply outraged, that somebody else did not act. As for myself, it is, somehow, not my matter at all. *I* only happened along here from the post-office. I might get killed! That is the last analysis of the whole matter. And you would have reasoned in exactly the same way. I see before me at this moment the whole scene! The ring of spectators extemporizing a Roman amphitheatre for these gladiators, the horror of the Christianity assembled there, not without a flavor, too, of the heathenish delight in mortal combat of two thousand years ago; the bloodthirsty bully on the one side with blazing face, quick breathings, incessant curses; the calmness of the Doctor on the other side, his face pale, his breathings as those of a sleeping babe, now and then a word of quiet entreaty as he warded off with the ease of a master of fence the desperate slashings of his foe; it was the struggle of two civilizations, a lower and a higher. Although spoken in low tones, in that silence broken only by the ring of the bowie-knife upon the slight sword, the entreaty of Dr. Harrington in the intervals of his assailant's oaths could be distinctly heard.

"I don't want to kill you. For God's sake, stop. You are not fit to die. Must I kill you? Will no one stop this madman? You are utterly mistaken. Will I *have* to kill you? You are not *prepared* for death!"

With every cut and thrust of the great butcher-knife the crowd winced and shuddered; *that* must kill the Doctor! Yet every time the knife was turned aside by the steady eye, quick hand, miraculous wire of steel. It was even beautiful. But it could not last forever, the little sword must sooner or later be smitten in two by those heavy downward cuts. It was plain the Doctor knew it.

"For the last time, stop!" he said, in imploring accents. "I will *certainly* kill you! Lord, what else? I *must* do it," he said, as if in the tones of prayer. Merely a slight turn of the wrist, a little thrust forward of the glittering wire, a quick withdrawal in the same instant, a stepping of the Doctor to the left as the desperado fell dead to the earth—for the Doctor was the most skillful of surgeons, too, and his sword had gone through the very heart. No man in all that community but knew that Dr. Harrington could not, with due regard to his own family, to say nothing of his own life, have done otherwise than he did, yet no man viewing, as soon as the deed was done, the slayer and the slain, but felt that the former was the ghastlier object of the two.

"O God, how could I do it!" was his one exclamation in lowest tones, as I laid my hand upon his shoulder. I do not think he was conscious of his holding the point of his sword against the earth and pressing his foot upon it until it snapped as he spoke, dropping the gold-headed haft upon the earth at the same moment; and so he went, with crowds of friends, to the office of the justice of the peace to give himself up, while I hastened to break the tidings as I best could to his household.

It was an easy matter the speedy release of Dr. Harrington, so far as the law was concerned. No citizen, acquainted personally with him or not, but manifested the universal sentiment by special respect of manner in every chance encounter. I doubt, however, whether he was even conscious of it. At least, I know that no assurances or reasonings of his most intimate friends had the least power to diminish the deep melancholy into which he fell. Never again did he act as officer of the church or superintendent of the Sabbath school. He was never known to be present, even, at church upon communion occasions, much less to unite in singing, although fully restored to church membership after a period of suspension. I know he continued his family worship, for his wife told me his supplications were almost too pitiful to hear. But, weak as I agree with you it was in him, from that hour Dr. Harrington was a ruined man; that any one could see in his neglected dress and profound sadness. He still, as if mechanically, practiced his profession, but soon fell into a decline and died. "Better the other way, better the other way!" he was often heard to repeat in answer to all reasonings with him.

I was about passing to the next of the crowd of cases of the Red Hand which are pressing upon the gates of my memory for outlet as I write, when I paused to listen again to that sharp stab-like "What!" of Mrs. Harrington that day I broke the news to her, hastening down to her pastor in morning-wrapper to meet me. What lovely children they had! I recall how my left hand holding the rose-leaf palm of little Lily, my right lay upon the fair hair of Zoo-zoo—a diminutive for Susan, I think—all the more beautiful for its uncombed tangles at that unseasonable hour. But they were not truly mated—the parents I mean; had the Doctor been less feminine or the wife more masculine, the circle made up of the two would have been truer and stronger. I fear that "What!" of Mrs. Harrington never lost razor-like edge in all her after conversation and influence with her husband in regard to this killing. I do not know but we all had an unspoken idea that she could have saved her husband from that conscience of his, as wirelike, alert, and deadly of thrust as his own sword, if she had pursued a course less coincident with his own in the matter. As it was, I remember, that day of the funeral of the Doctor, I said in thought to the bully of the fight, whose name I wish I could recall but cannot, as if he stood in ugly spirit on the other side of our dead, "Be satisfied, you have killed him at last!"

I add only this in regard to Dr. Harrington, loving and beloved of all men; he fell asleep at last resting his wearied self upon the unmoving centre of his soul.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

FANNY.

BY WM. D. O'CONNOR.

O girl of the eyes of golden gray,
This was the way, this was the way!
I tell not all, but how could I tell
The half of the prodigies that befell?—
For, O, as I see you standing there,
With your soft spring-dawn and flower-like air;
Your willowy shape's perfection told
In the silken cadence of fall and fold;
And all you wear and are, into one
Delicate, elegant harmony run;
Your sparkling girdle of filigree
And the red of your mouth, a euphony;
The late new fashion and hues of dress,
As rhyme to your natural loveliness;—
With the warm and abundant glow of May
Lighting your eyes of luminous gray,
Your tender smiling, your festal mien,
Your dainty laces, your robe of green,
Your amber tresses in diadem
With color and glitter of fillet and gem;
And something about your form and face
That tallies with essence and silk and lace;
And something else that as well may suit
With star and jewel and blossom and fruit;—
Seeing you, O young Eve-dressed-well!
Grace-diabolical! Peri-belle!
A-la-mode-angel! Siren-child!
Dandy-dryad!—enrapt, beguiled,
I feel at the time of your origin,
That the witch and the thief were themselves mixed in!

True?—Indeed it is utterly true:
Look at the lovers bewitched by you!
True?—Indeed it is truth I say:
Haven't you stolen their hearts away?
So help me Cupid! I see you stand,
With the smile on your lip and the fan in your hand,
And in files on files they round you kneel,
Like the radiate spokes from the hub of a wheel,
Each of them under your sorceries' thrall,
And the hearts gone out of the breasts of all!
Ah! the rosy heaven decrees
Recompense for deeds like these!
This you'll know when the hour of doom
Comes in music, balm, and bloom,—
When, among that love-lorn crew,
One in turn bewitches you,
And another heart secures
By completely stealing yours!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Popular Delusions.

There are certain popular myths most difficult to combat, and apparently possessed of as many lives as the proverbial cat; in fact, there is no killing them. Just when you think that you have succeeded in giving a death-blow to one, it rises again endowed with fresh vigor.

Among the most popular of these myths, suitable to the present time of the year, is the one that the cold from which we have been recently suffering is healthy. "Frightfully cold weather, we say to each other, "but seasonable and healthy." If by "seasonable" we mean that we expect snow and frost about Christmas time, then we are right. The traditions of long-gone years have made us accustomed to the notion that snow on the ground is the proper accompaniment of Christmas carols, and that it needs the biting frost without to make us appreciate the Yule log and the Christmas cheer within. Then there are the proverbs—responsible for the long life of many popular myths—about the unhealthiness of an open winter—"a green Yule" as it is called. So, though we suffer from the cold both in body and mind, and can with difficulty keep ourselves alive in the frosty weather, we go on repeating the old story about the healthiness of such wintriness.

For a few people of vigorous constitution the cold, sharp air may prove invigorating; but that is because they are able to withstand the chilling effects of the biting blast—strong enough, in fact, to experience a reaction from the results of the frost, and active enough to keep their blood in rapid circulation by the exercise they can take. But for the very young or the old, for invalids, and for that great number of persons who, though not invalids, are yet not in perfect health, the late frosty weather has been a time of the utmost trial. The slowly circulating blood has moved even more slowly under the influence of the cold; delicate throats and chests have been in pain; and the cold has cut short the thread of many a frail life. The death-rate is considerably higher during the frosty weather than at other times.

The brilliancy of a snow-covered landscape, and the vivid enjoyment of skating and games on the ice which so many persons experience, tend to make us think cheerfully of the "seasonable" weather; but we must not forget the suffering that it brings for children, for the old, for the delicate, and, above all, for the poor.

Another popular delusion connected with the frost is that it serves to diminish the plague of an over-abundance of insect life. This is entirely a mistake. In winter, insects are either in the condition of eggs or of torpid larvæ, which can resist very great degrees of cold; and the warm sun of spring stirs up the insect world to life which was suspended, not destroyed, during the winter months. If the cold of winter killed insects, none would be found in Sweden, in Norway, in the arctic regions, the abodes of ice and snow. But all travellers know that in these countries insect plagues, especially mosquitoes, are as active and annoying as in warmer climates. Still people will go on repeating this, just as they do that about the healthiness of the frost.

Be Led by the Nose.

The nose acts like a custom house officer to the system. It is highly sensitive to the odor of the most poisonous substances. It readily detects hemlock, henbane, monkshood, and the plants containing prussic acid; it recognizes the fetid smells of drains, and warns us not to smell the polluted air. The nose is so sensitive that it distinguishes air containing the 200,000th part of a grain of the otto of rose, or the 15,000,000th part of a grain of musk. It tells us in the morning that our bed-rooms are impure, and catches the fragrance of the morning air, and conveys to us the invitation of the flowers to go forth into the fields and inhale their sweet breath. To be led by the nose has hitherto been used as a phrase of reproach; but to have a good nose, and to follow its guidance, is one of the safest and shortest ways to the enjoyment of health.—*Good Health.*

☞ A petition to the Detroit City Government ends:—"And your petitioner will ever pray—if praying will do any good."

BEE DARRELL.

CHAPTER I.

In a sky of darkling crimson, blent here and there by Nature's cunning hand with a few soft feathery clouds, Hesperion was just trembling, pale and faint, into life as the solemn strains of the antiphony floated out full and sonorous into the evening gloam from Darrell Church.

A quaintly picturesque and antique church of pure gothic build, with heavy clusters of broad-leaved ivy covering and overhanging the huge gray stone buttresses, and with small square windows, ruby and amber stained, and of mediæval design.

The long aisles and scantily filled pews looked dark and dreary, and their still occupants presented an aspect somewhat weird-like in the shimmering twilight amidst the deep quietude that reigned in the building; in which, even through the drowsy tones of the preacher, it was easy to hear the leaflets flattering against one another in the summer wind, the resonant voices of the children playing on the village green, and the hoarse "caw caw" of the rooks upon the summit of the old church roof.

Up in the narrow gallery—that seemed to rest amid air, while parts of it were even partially lost in the pervading gloom—a man sat leaning forwards, with big muscular arms crossed tightly over a broad chest, and with eyes dreamily absorbed in the scene below him. A man wonderfully handsome, though without owning any strict regularity of feature; with honesty of purpose shining out of the great dark eyes, and with truth playing on the well-cut lips, that, in spite of the quiet power of the face, were as soft and tender in expression as a woman's. It was a countenance that invited trust, and would never betray it. Looking upon him, you fell at once to wondering what manner of history his life contained. It did not require much proficiency in the art of anthroposcopy to find out that Frank Standish *had* a character, although to analyze that character properly might have been a much more arduous task. It would have been difficult for a spectator to have divined the tenor of his thoughts from his face now; he might have been thinking possibly of days long gone by, brought back to his memory by a stray waft of scented lilacs borne to him by the breeze—days perhaps that had been so sad and so desolate, that he would have fain thrust their recollection into Lethe, and drowned the bitter feelings they evoked in a draught of that anodyne—oblivion; or he might perchance have been wandering far from religion into an untimely dream of a terrestrial paradise, with some sweet Eve by his side.

His eyes first rested on a tiny twig tapping gently against the panes; then scanned carelessly the placid physiognomy of the Reverend Hugh Dacres, as though his ear did not take in much of a not very erudite discourse from the Ephesians; then they wandered to and finally settled upon the figure of a slim girl, on whom a gleam fell from the colored casement anent her, lighting up shy gray orbs and pale pure features like a youthful saint's, with thick black lashes resting closely and demurely upon marble cheeks.

Standish looked down upon her face, and as he looked an unutterable softness—a sort of tremulous tenderness—crept over his own.

His life had been lonely from boyhood. His mother was the only being he had ever truly loved; and when her dead form was carried away from his sight forever, his heart had seemed to shrink within itself, as it were; and although he had registered no vow of celibacy, no bright or beaming woman's face had displaced the image with wan lineaments and silvered hair that was enshrined in his inmost soul. But now in the twilight he was picturing to himself that slight white-robed figure flitting like a sunbeam in and out of an old-fashioned cottage, whose diamond-paned windows were enframed in masses of dark foliage that cast a pleasant but chequered shade within, and created queer arabesques of light beneath his feet. He was fancying he saw that pure white face brightening into smiles at his approach, hiding its gladness upon his breast, leaning its wealth of tresses on his shoulder, and growing nearer and nearer to his heart each hour of his life.

Dreams! glorious but fantastical; born of folly, woven by hope, and, in truth, only heralds of disappointment and despair; but he lost himself in them, until the final benediction recalled him to a sense of where he was; and from under the jetty lashes he caught a fleeting glance as Nell Dacres, with the rest of the congregation, passed quietly out of the church.

By the time Standish had descended the stairs the building was well-nigh deserted, and the white-robed angel of heaven he had conjured up for himself had disappeared from view.

Outside the church porch stood a small phaeton, and by it a woman's figure, tall, and richly dressed.

As Frank's footsteps resounded on the gravel path she turned suddenly towards him; then, even as he gazed eagerly, she stepped into the carriage and was quickly out of sight. Her face seemed to flash upon him like a fate—a radiant fate! A brilliant beautiful picture, she had stood before him for an instant, with sunlit hair gleaming up like a crown of gold in the half-dusk, and with vivid peachy tints showing up the deep rich violet of her eyes.

Frank's breath came short and fast; for a moment his heart throbbed hard with a decrotic motion it had never felt before, and he wondered what it could be that ailed him.

Could the strange overpowering thraldom of his senses and captivation of his imagination be a sudden commingling of two human souls, or the insanity that belonged to unripe years, namely, "love at first sight?" he asked himself wrathfully, scorning the miserable deficiency in moral strength that could succumb to mere womanly beauty. Then he hurriedly and somewhat unevenly traversed the main road, and walked homewards through the peaceful country lanes, with none but the sleepy birds to mark the unwonted flush that burned upon his cheeks; but as he lifted the latch of the gate that led up to his domicile, something seemed to draw him back; a feeling new born, but full of strength, arrested his steps. It was a dread to find himself at home and alone with that brilliant face in his mind; and an earnest desire, that seemed to him ridiculously inadequate to the occasion, seized him to try and shake off at once and forever the curious tenacious hold that the vision had taken of him. So, after a pause, he slowly retraced his way and entered the parsonage—a long low white house, with irregular gables overhanging the windows, that opened upon a large primitive garden with narrow paths and stiff-clipped yew-trees, and grassy mounds bedecked with blood-red carnations and tall lilies with graceful heads and golden bosoms.

As the hours of the evening wore on, the bewildering emotions that the momentary apparition had produced faded partially from Frank's memory, as, within a window wreathed in lavish tangles of wild-rose, with the subtle fragrance of invisible flowers stealing up from outside, he sat with Nell Dacres' little white hand close clasped within his own, while, by the light Hesperion gave, he watched the black lashes kiss a blushing face, and a happy smile flit over the softest sweetest lips in the world. Only once the vision came back to him vividly, and that was when a star-gleam, glancing athwart Nell's raven tresses, flashed them for an instant into the golden glory that *its* head had worn. And he said, blaming himself inwardly for his indulgence in a dangerous curiosity, but feeling himself helpless to refrain from it,

"I saw a new face this evening near Darrell Church; I wonder who it could have been."

To save his life, he knew he could not have satisfied himself in a direct straightforward manner, although he burnt with impatience to hear her name.

"Perhaps it was Mr. Morris, the new tenant of Goldthorn Farm," Nell suggested. "Was the person short and stout and altogether very uninteresting?"

Standish could not repress a shudder. Somehow it seemed to hurt him to listen to such words in conjunction with the being in his thoughts, although he knew of course that they could in no wise be applicable to her.

He could not speak for a little while, and then, in spite of his efforts, his voice shook just a little, and he looked out into the garden as he replied,

"It was a lady, Nell, and rather a pretty one."

And then he fell to despising himself for the meanness that could utter falsehood, when he recollected that "faint praise is more damning than censure." "Rather a pretty one!" he reiterated to himself angrily. Maddening in her beauty, he should have said; but he dared not speak his *soul*, sitting there beneath the starlight, that looked so inexpressibly pure and calm and holy, by its contrast with the wild passions of human nature, and with his affianced wife within his circling arm.

"I know who it was!" exclaimed Nell Dacres suddenly, with unwonted animation in her gentle voice. "It was Beatrice Darrell—'Queen Bee,' as she used to be called as a child. O, Frank!" and in her enthusiasm she clasped her pretty hands together in a devotional attitude that suited her style admirably—"is she not beautiful and bright as an angel?"

Standish looked down at her; his nature had one weakness that amounted to a blemish; his feelings were slaves to that which pleased his eye. It might have been that he was a born artist, and that his perception of the "beautiful" was keener than other men's, and ruled his imagination more than mere material form and coloring should do; but there was an innate refinement and delicacy in his organization which restricted the influence of "beauty" to his "imagination" exclusively, and prevented him from falling into sensualism.

"Not half such an angel as you are, dear," he whispered, softly; and the girl, to hide the gratification his words gave her, leant out and plucked a rose, and busied herself with fastening it into his coat.

A little later, after pressing his good-night on her red lips, at the garden gate beneath the liquid lustre of a big yellow moon, he went to rest with Nell Dacres' Madonna-like face kept determinedly before him; but when human resolution had melted away in sleep, it was Bee Darrell who haunted him all through the night in long and feverish dreams.

CHAPTER II.

The Darrells of Darrell Court were prouder of their pedigree than any family in the United Kingdom. The first from whom they dated was a famous Count Guy D'Arrelle, who in the year 1690 commanded a body of picked men sent over by King Louis XIV. to aid James Stuart in retaining his crown. Brave as Bassompierre, lavish as Lauzun, and voluptuous as Trimalcyon of ancient days, Count Guy was a soldier of true mettle, and after many a wonderful feat of prowess and valor, he met a soldier's glorious death at the battle of Aughrim, side by side, and, tradition saith, hand clasped in hand with his old friend and gallant leader St. Ruth, leaving a son who settled in one of the English shires, and married the daughter of a grand but impoverished duke.

As time wore on, and the family became naturalized Britons, the old name, bereft of the "de" that in Gallic guaranteed birth and blood, became anglicised into Darrell; but pride, lavishness, and love of pomp, descended from generation to generation without change or abatement.

The exchequer of the Darrells was not, however, so weighty as their pedigree, and for years the strictest inward economy had been essential to sustain necessary outward appearances. Fortunately Providence had willed that the line should be carried on by females, the husband of each having been forced to assume the old name, and no spendthrift heirs had thus mortgaged the glorious old estate; which, however, was woefully neglected from pressure of finances. But though Darrell Court was very dilapidated, and indeed in some parts scarcely habitable, yet a sense of obligation due to "noblesse" kept up a certain grandeur in the household arrangements. The meals, though frugal, sometimes hardly exceeding a "dinner of herbs," were yet served-up in good old silver by powdered lacqueys, who contemptuously regarded the commonplace fare on its transit from the kitchen to the noble banqueting-hall, in which the roof above occasionally let in rain as well as sunshine. The enormous griffins that reared their eagle heads on leonine forms on either side of the grand portal were minus their proper proportions, and the great stone garland of "fleur de lys" that encircled the "D'Arrelle" crown was broken, as though the hand of a cruel foe had striven to crush the form of the flowers and the symmetry of the leaves into an unseemly mass, while the crown itself, black with age, looked gloomy and funereal.

The dry moat that surrounded the Court was a grave for the fallen leaves that died in splendid cerements of yellow and brown and crimson beneath the chill autumnal sunshine, and the shrubberies and gardens were a jungles of weeds untended by human skill, while masses of hardy ivy-choked hid unsightly walls and gaping crevices from view of the mullioned windows.

On the terrace wall, by the side of a tall orange-tree, leant "Bee," sole daughter of the Darrells' "house and heart," and heiress to their pride and penury. The last beams of the setting sun were lingering over her head, whose sympathetic brightness seemed to arrest them. The charm of her beauty was in the perfect radiance that emanated from every feature of her face. The deep violet eyes appeared to laugh into your own, and the arch face literally flashed out with smiles. She was conversing with a man who leant over the wall in an indolent attitude, and whose gaze was riveted on the scarlet lips as she spoke. Her feelings for Cyril Mayne, had they been properly analyzed, would not have exposed to view a single soft point about them. And in spite of the gentle words and beaming smiles with which she fed him, now and then, an acute observer might have often detected a frown cross rapidly over the ivory forehead, and the little white teeth press almost fiercely down upon the ripe under lip, that looked as if a "bee had newly stung it." It could scarcely have been the personal appearance of her companion that displeased her; for Mayne was a good looking man, with a lithe elegant figure, and an insouciance in his manner that sat well upon him, and showed him at once to be an habitue of "good society." His eyes looked out lazily but good-temperedly, and his facile mouth had a pleasant expression. But notwithstanding his attractions, Bee cared for him no more than if he had been as repellent as a satyr. He had for her but one recommendation—he was *rich;* and that word of four letters contained his passport to Bee's favor. The only daughter of the Darrell's, imbued by Nature with family pride and ambition and nurtured in the midst of galling economies that assimilated but ill with her grandiose notions and aspirations, she had long ago breathed a vow, with a solemnity that would have befitted a better cause, that her earthly god should be "gold." Gold, by which she could renovate the home whose every stone she loved so well, and by the aid of which she could reach the pinnacle of fashion and position that she deemed her natural sphere by right of birth and beauty.

Even as a child, when regally lording it over her playmates, with her little figure drawn up to its fullest height, and her violet orbs flashing imperiously, until she cowed them with her lilliputian majesty into being always greeted as "Queen Bee," she would chafe angrily in her heart at the mockery of the sobriquet, although outwardly she would sustain the appellation to perfection.

She knew that she was proud and patrician, but she also knew too well that she was a "pauper." And the miserable indignity of the last deteriorated greatly from the pleasure of being well-born. Yes, if she had been put to the test, she would not have given up her noble lineage for all the contents of the English Mint.

She did not feel one atom of love for Mayne; but the glitter of his wealth blinded her vision, and she could not relinquish the gratification of possessing it. Simply a woman, with all the terrible weakness and instability that sometimes belong to woman's nature, she was dazzled by the richness of the frame into overlooking the deficiencies in the picture it surrounded. But she was in haste to rivet matrimonial manacles on her alabaster arms, even though they were to be made of purest metal. She only wished to keep the mine open as an El Dorado in case of necessity. So she smiled at him often when her brow was frowning, and uttered soft nothings while her very soul revolted against the deceitful part she was acting. But the smiles were baits to the glittering fish she desired to feel upon her hook, and once there, she knew she could play with him like an expert angler, until the time when she should require to land him safely beside her.

"The Court is a charming place," Mayne said rather languidly, as he looked down on the tangle of foliage, shining bronze in the sunset, and at the gigantic elms and oaks that skirted the demesne, and stood here and there royal and sturdy, like so many strong props to the falling house.

Cyril had pure blood running through his veins, and he was quite capable of appreciating the mournful beauty and decaying grandeur of the old place and its surroundings. But his motive in eulogising its charms was not to display the artistic resources he possessed; it was simply an excuse for bringing home to Bee's mind the wonderful advantages that would accrue to her sores from some few thousands being expended upon them.

Bee, in spite of her apparent volatility, was perfectly alive to his meaning, although she willfully appeared to misunderstand the drift of his remarks.

"But just look there, Miss Darrell!" he exclaimed with a tone of feigned surprise, as though the subject he alluded to had just struck him. "A wing on the left of the Court seems to have fallen in slightly. And actually some of the big gray stones have injured the end of the terrace, and are scattered on the rosary walk. Only yesterday, as I walked through the grounds in a brown study, with my thoughts away—where, deponent saith not," and he glanced meaningly at her, while she turned haughtily from him—"I stumbled, at the peril of my life, over a heap of bricks that had evidently formed the side wall of the gate lodge. Then, no sooner had I recovered my equilibrium and my breath than over I went again upon some fine old trees, that must have been felled by mistake, I am sure."

Bee's cheeks flushed scarlet, and a scornful light filled her eyes. If she could have withered him by the lightning of her glance, she would willingly have done so then and there.

She thought the man was actually bold enough to beard the lion in his den, daring to assert such mean falsehoods, when he *must* have known that bricks and stones were not to be stuck together by an empty purse, and that the old trees, each branch and leaf and twig of which were so precious to her, had been cut down in their glory—not by mistake, but to help pay for the savory dishes that composed his fare during his visit to the house of her father.

"People in their right senses do not usually indulge in silvan promenades with their eyes shut," she snapped out very sharply. She felt inclined to crush him to powder beneath her military heel for his impertinence; and there was a stinging sarcasm in her voice as she added, "Do you know, Mr. Mayne, I am so hopelessly stupid that I cannot comprehend how such swells as you are can bring yourselves to enter on such common vulgar topics as bricks and mortar, and paltry brushwood."

Cyril was too good-tempered to feel resentment at the tone she had assumed; and he was a little posed at his move, which he had considered a wise one, having been so entirely in a wrong direction. So he smiled deprecatingly at her, and just a little foolishly, and then he hung over the parapet and hummed audibly, in rather indifferent tune, the ancient ditty, "Then teach me how to woo thee, love."

Bee stamped her little foot impatiently before he had arrived at the end of the first verse; then all of a sudden she recollected that her singing-bird was only flattering near, that he was not captured, and that if her mood did not change he might spread his jewelled wings and fly out of her reach altogether.

"I am afraid I was captious, Mr. Mayne," she essayed to say amiably. "After all, it only shows a friendly interest in Darrell, your remarking one or two things that papa has overlooked. He is such an invalid, that he has no strength or energy to go through his banking accounts at present."

Cyril looked sympathisingly at her grave face; but he could hardly restrain a laugh at the notion of Mr. Darrell's lacking the strength and energy to look over what would probably be a "blank." But he knew that this fact was his greatest help in arriving at the desideratum he had in view—namely, Bee herself.

"Miss Darrell, Bee!" he began nervously, "I know how dearly you love Darrell, and that no place, however beautiful, would find as much favor in your eyes as your home. But could you not make up your mind to become my wife and to put up with Mayne Towers until your father is stronger and capable of ordering necessary repairs to the Court? Mayne is not a bad sort of place on the whole, Bee." And he really looked lover-like and earnest, as he added, "And all you can desire in the world shall be yours, as mistress of it!" Then he heaved a great sigh of relief that the declaration that had been hovering for long on his lips had finally found language.

Bee was a little taken aback. She had, it was true, long ago made up her mind to be the suzeraine of Mayne Towers—but not yet, not yet. She felt as if she was stifling, although the pleasant summer breeze that came whistling through her ancestral trees lifted her golden hair off her temples, and fanned her hot face. She could not have bound herself forever and aye at that moment to save her life. Somehow she felt as if his soft words, instead of touching her, had raised up a great hard barrier against him in her breast. She had never cared for him less than when he had for the first time looked really sincere, and had displayed some emotion in his usually vapid voice. And then her glance rested dreamily on the scene that lay around her, and her soul seemed to open, as it were, to the prospect of wealth, and to shut itself against womanly longing for a life of love. She would not give her suitor his *congé*, but she could ask for reprieve, for a little reflection, ere she decided her fate forever.

"You have taken me by surprise, Mr. Mayne. Really I scarcely know how to answer you. We have been acquainted so short a time; and I should not like to marry you until you know me better."

"Don't wait for that, Bee," he interrupted hastily. "I am quite willing to risk my chance of happiness on the knowledge I have of you already."

"But," she said hesitatingly, "I feel it would be best for both of us not to be hasty. If you really do like me, you can wait for me a little. Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and when he was disappointed, he went on patiently for double that time, you know," she said coquettishly, charming him by her manner.

"So be it. I am content to bide your time, so as at the end of it you become my wife, dearest Bee." And he took her hand, and tried to draw her gently towards him, thinking to seal the troth-plight on her tempting lips.

But not a bit of it. Before he could imprint a kiss on her palm, she laughed brightly into his face, and glided quickly from the terrace into the great door of the house, that in the twilight yawned like a black chasm to receive her.

CHAPTER III.

Nell Dacres stood at the garden gate, after the parting beneath the big yellow moon, until Standish's figure had completely disappeared from view. Then she went back to her own little room, with her delicate cheeks flushed with brightest rose, just where Frank's last kisses had been pressed, and with his murmured "Good-night" still lingering upon her shell-like ear.

She looked very sweet sitting there with her long black hair, loosened from the comb, streaming over her snow-white shoulders, and with one bare dimpled arm supporting her head as she indulged in a delicious revery of love—love in its first flush and dawn, with its bloom all unbrushed by contact with the world, and unblemished by selfishness. Her mouth had half-parted in a beatific smile, and the black lashes drooped over her eyes filled with a happy light.

It was quite in the beginning of summer when she had leant against the bay-window, with tangled blossoms forming a variegated frame-work for her head, and had heard Frank ask her to be his wife. It was the month of August now, with gentle winds of the golden weather playing over the parsonage garden, and sweeping the fluttering leaves in rainbow heaps under the stately oaks that fringed the broad main road. The warm sun was scorching the nodding blades of the tall green grass down in the adjacent valley, and sending fierce beams right through heavy foliage, and gilding the eddying ripples of the mill-stream. And the sweet roses were red and blooming like Nell's own lips; and yet Frank Standish was an earnest lover still, and had not tired of whispering how dear she was to him. He spoke the truth, too. There was no deceit in his breast or falsehood on his tongue when he reiterated over and over again the vows that made her heart beat and her pulse throb so fast. Nell's gentle smile filled his soul with quiet content; and in her affection he found the "rest" that he had longed for all his life.

He had forgotten Bee Darrell; and the strange influence her face held over him for a short while had vanished like an unholy dream beneath the genial warmth and love that his betrothed gave him. And when she dilated on the sad fortunes of the family at Darrell Court, and expatiated with girlish enthusiasm on Bee's beauty and poverty, he listened to her words with no stronger emotion than pity for the fine old family and place thus falling to decay. Bee Darrell, he was told, was Nell's earliest friend, and the sweetest and best of created beings. True, she had lived a great deal in the world, and had been the acknowledged belle of brilliant London seasons; so that pleasure and admiration had naturally become in a manner essential to her existence. Like a child, she fretted after forbidden things; but she had been so courted and feted all her life, that it would be marvellous indeed if she were not a little spoiled.

Bee had her faults, of course, like any other daughter of Eve; but her champion would aver, with an energy that excited Frank's amusement, that her virtues far exceeded her failings, that a pure and good soul shone out of her wondrous violet eyes, and played on her perfect features; and somehow, whenever Standish and his love were left in *tete-a-tete*, the theme of Bee Darrell was renewed and dwelt upon, until, at last, he began to look upon the radiant vision that had once dazzled his sight like an old familiar friend. And this was, perhaps, the wisest and best coloring that his fancy could have invested her in; for it brought him nearer the common-place, divesting his mind of the romance it had conjured up, and removing the deep and curious impression she had made upon his imagination.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a warm and dreamy day in September, beneath a clear sky as Italia's own. The neglected gardens of Darrell Court blazed out with lavish gorgeous coloring under the vertical rays of the fervid sun, and the languid air came faint and heavy with the perfumed breath of the wild luxuriant blossoms. But down beneath the wide-spreading trees a few pleasant shadows lay, while near them an old broken fountain went plash-plash monotonously over the nude shoulders of a Dryad crowned with oak leaves and acorns. Just where the cool shadows slanted obliquely down, Bee sat on a fallen branch, plucking up spikes of grasses with a sort of impetuous grace, while her face, in its vivid tints, with the foliage behind it, looked like a tropical flower.

Nell Dacres lay on the turf close by, very white and statuesque, and as quiet as a mouse. The two girls had agreed to pass a long afternoon together, and whilst Bee, in one of her most animated moods, conversed glibly, Nell was quite content to listen and be still.

"Poor dear old Darrell! you are too beautiful to be doomed to rack and ruin. I *must* save you, somehow." And then Bee gave a sharp sigh that ended in a curt laugh.

"O, Nell, what an awful thing poverty is!"

"It does not seem to me to be the great evil that *you* think it. Money would not make my happiness," said Nell quietly.

"Because you have been brought up so differently, in another atmosphere altogether, a far more healthy one. Ah, you could not guess what we go through in that palatial mansion, Nell!" And the color died right out of the flower-like face, leaving it pallid, but pure as a lily.

The other girl looked up sympathisingly, and pressed the little clenched fist, full of green blades, to her lips.

"Are you *quite* happy and contented, Nell?"

"Quite." And Nell Dacres, as her thoughts flew at once to him who was the source of her greatest happiness, blushed roseate under the sunlight.

"I envy you with all my heart, then. O, if I could but drive ambition out of my head! What does Shakspeare say?

> 'I have no spur
> To prick the sides of my intent, but only
> Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
> And falls on the other;'

but it will not be driven out. I *must* have wealth, too—for myself, for Darrell!" and the last two words were accompanied by a yearning glance around. Then Bee tried to forget the pain in her heart by smiling; but it would not do, the smile was a very weak, faint reflection of the beaming ones that parted her lips sometimes. And for a little while the girls were as still as the scene itself, and both were day-dreaming—one of riches, the other of love.

Then as the sun sank lower and lower, and the dark shadows lengthened upon the grass, Bee's melancholy vanished, and jumping off her lowly seat, she insisted on going back with Nell to the parsonage house. She was, in truth, anxious to lose sight of Cyril Mayne for a few hours, and longing to throw off the incubus that his society had become to her. They had not strolled very far, however, through the perfumed thickets before they met him; and as Bee answered his eager greeting coldly and brusquely, all the dormant fire of his nature leapt into his handsome face, and with a grave bow he passed rapidly out of sight.

"Bee, you do not seem to like Mr. Mayne; yet he is always at Darrell," Nell remarked, as she noticed with astonishment a deep red spot glow on her friend's cheeks, and a sudden compression of her scarlet lips.

"Like him! I *hate* him! But I shall marry him all the same, if it is only to save my dear old home. Here we are at the parsonage. Nell, do not speak of him, I beseech you! Let me forget that he even exists; let me forget that I am only a poor wretched slave, to be sold to a rich bidder," she said bitterly and impatiently. "Happiness and love are not for me. It is foolish of me to come here; for I shall only rebel against my evil fate more when I have had a glimpse of what *real* love is like, Nell;" and she glanced significantly at the shadow of a man's tall figure upon the white window blind.

Nell smiled as they entered the room with a consciousness of bliss immeasurable. And the original of the shadow, not perceiving Bee in the evening gloom, caught his betrothed in his arms, and pressed a fervent kiss on her bright face.

But Standish soon awoke to the presence of the visitor. He had seen faces of the old masters, and his vivid imagination had often pictured the grand ideal of the lovely idyls of other days; but he had never gazed on his perfection of womanhood as he did now.

Bee's tangled hair gleamed out like shiny rings as she threw her hat down, and underneath them two big violet eyes beamed right into his own.

"I have seen you before, Mr. Standish," she said in ringing accents, that sounded to him like the warblings of the angelic choir.

"And I you," he answered laconically; but not a vestige of a smile crossed his mouth.

The old feeling had come back to him; the glamour of that enchanting face was over him again; and he felt the blood deserting his heart and surging up into his hot temples; and there was a plaintive cry in his breast, Why, O why, had she come there? To weave afresh the spell of her beauty, to destroy the placid current of his life, to bring up maddening visions before him, that could never be realised upon earth.

"The moon is so brilliant to-night, it is a

sin to shut her out," Bee said coaxingly, like a child; and she went to the window and drew back the curtain, and gazed up at the planet whose radiance paled by the sight of her own loveliness.

And all the while Standish stood in a maze, with his eyes riveted upon her form, and entirely forgetful of the assistance that politeness might have suggested. Then Bee stepped out into the fragrant garden; and Standish followed her, as though in a dream, regardless of Nell's very existence.

Bee plucked a big red rose, glistening with dew-drops, and placed it in her bosom, and then, either unconscious of, or else indifferent to, the presence of an auditor, she sang out low a little Italian serenade—an air full of wild passion and moving pathos, and with moonlight and music and unshed tears running through every bar of it. And Frank, starting, ground his heel angrily on the turf as the thread of that lovely song was broken by Nell's voice bidding them come in to tea.

Bee, in spite of her apparent indifference, had too often read signs of her power on human faces not to recognize her influence now in the dark glowing eyes that met her own as the light fell upon them. And somehow, as she met that look, there was an unusual languor in her own eyes.

She had discerned at once that this man had a fervent but repressed nature, and that no woman had hitherto called out all that his heart *could* feel.

And Frank Standish recognized that it was useless to struggle with the storm of passion that had been evoked, and that, come weal, come woe, Bee Darrell was his fate.

CHAPTER V.

It was in the middle of autumn, and the big trees of Darrell stood up gaunt-armed and shorn of their natural beauty, while the red leaves kept drifting down, and down, and dying in the pale light within the dry old moat. And the tall white lilies and blood-hued carnations that Nell Dacres tended in the old-fashioned parterre grew perfumeless and withered. Only Frank Standish's love and longing for Bee Darrell waxed daily and hourly warmer and stronger.

And Bee?

She did not tell him in words that she loved him: but surely there was ample encouragement in her half-averted looks, in the gentle deference that she displayed towards him alone, with cheeks that crimsoned at his voice. And yet through all Frank never failed to recognize full well that there was a something unattainable about her, and that he was but an outsider, unworthy to clasp her dainty palm. She leaned upon his arm, and listened with bent head to his low and incoherent whispers; and each instant laid his whole heart more and more under the siren spell she owned, until he forgot everything—honor, truth and fealty—in the charmed hours he passed by her side.

The truth was, that Frank's honest and passionate devotion was infinitely sweet to the spoiled beauty, after the specious but tinsely flatteries that the great world gave; and she could not resist the gratification she experienced in the incense so lavishly and sincerely yielded up at her feet. She could not have been blind to the feelings in his breast; for it was impossible for him always to watch over himself, and to control the impulses that swept over him. Sometimes he would grasp hold of her hand, and then release it as quickly, with the faithful pleading look of a hound in his eyes—a sort of dumb deprecation of her wrath—and then he would meet a divine glance of pity, while she longed to say a gentle word, but dared not.

These *tete-a-tetes* were rare between them, and came like snatches of Paradise to Frank's heated imagination.

Nell usually formed a trio in the meetings; and whilst Bee sat dreamy and indolent, with Frank drinking in the melody of an occasional word and gazing unrebuked into the tender purple depths before him, Nell Dacres diligently worked at some portion of her marriage trousseau; and no cerements of the grave could have been more distasteful to Standish's view than those fleecy fragments, "fine as a cobweb," that Nell's fingers fashioned. But all this could not go on for long. One day, when the triumvirate sat in "council close," Nell, suddenly lifting up the long black lashes, saw—nothing definable, but something that made her long to drown herself in the cold stream that ran hard by—something that blanched her face white as the lace she wove, and that thrilled her heart with a bitter pang.

"Is Mr. Mayne ever coming back to Darrell, Bee?" she asked after a minute or so, as steadily as she could.

Bee understood it all. She knew that Nell had caught the look in Standish's face that was only meant for her to see. The sparkling light died out of her own countenance, and a furtive glance went towards Frank, as she answered low but audibly,

"Yes, Nell, he comes to-morrow; and then I shall have to say good-by forever to all these pleasant meetings."

And in spite of herself her lips quivered visibly, and great drops sprang into her eyes.

Standish jumped up hastily, and bent tenderly over her. All recollection of Nell, and of her love and merits, was blotted out of his memory by the wild anguish that possessed him. What had she said? "Good-by forever." God! had that come already? He felt as if he *must* speak, even with that pale witness, in whose countenance he could read the lines of pain he had caused, listening to his frantic words. He thought he could not stem the torrent of pleading for a little more life, a little more grace, that seemed to be burning for utterance. Then a choking ball rose up in his throat; a heavy weight seemed to grow upon his heart; and he silently turned away and left the spot.

Nell, stooping to gather up her work, hid her hot tears, and murmuring that it was time to return homewards, rose also. But Bee, impetuous and impulsive, flung her arms round the girl's neck, and sobbed out great vehement sobs.

"Can you ever forgive me, Nell?" she whispered very piteously.

"Yes, and him too," was the reply. And then Nell, breaking down completely, walked away to the house, which had looked so bright and peaceful but a few short hours before, but which now presented the aspect of a tomb for her buried hope and bliss.

Down upon the hearth she crouched, with two tiny hands covering her flushed face, weeping over her lost happiness, and dead to the outer world. Then a pair of great strong arms bent down to her recumbent form, and drew it straight up, holding it close—close.

And Frank, stooping over the mourner's head, touched it lightly with a caress.

She drew herself right away from his clasp: then she glanced towards him furtively. There stood the tall figure; there were the dark honest eyes, the sweet smile that had won her heart; and she went to him, and quietly, without one word, laid her shining tresses humbly down upon his shoulder, like a grieved penitent child.

"Nell, my darling!" And his voice was husky, and shook with emotion, as he remembered the great and intense love he was on the point of sacrificing forever to a sense of honor, and to a great pity for this little girl, who he knew worshipped him so utterly. "Let us forget all but our own two selves, and let us go back to the dear old days when nothing had come between us. Forgive the pain I have given you, and take me back to your heart once more!"

He need not have pleaded so; for Nell found no difficulty in replacing him in the heart from which he had never been dismissed. All she did was to throw her arms round his neck, and seal his pardon freely and fully. And Standish, *wanting* peace and rest, and some one who could soothe and not madden him as *she* did, fancied himself unutterably content.

Meanwhile Bee, after a baptism of tears, breathed out her penitence on a couch at Darrell.

"I will strive to be better than I am," she murmured to herself plaintively. "I will try to be faithful to friendship; but it will be very, *very* hard. Is love only to be a curse to me? It would be well if no one ever loved me; yet—"

And the violet eyes, that had been lazily watching an expiring ember in the grate, half closed, and she nestled her face more closely into the downy cushions, as if to hide the blushes it *should* have worn at her confession.

"It is my nature to try and make men care for me; and when I have succeeded, I hate and scorn them for being such fools!"

But she was deceiving herself, for there was no hate or scorn in her breast for Standish; and she never uttered passionately and hopelessly now, as she had once been wont to do, "Happiness and love are not for me!"

CHAPTER VI.

The year had waned. The dreaded Anthesterion, when his wedding was to be, drew near, and Frank's heart sank lower and lower.

He had only seen Bee Darrell at church, but it had been enough. That one sight of her had utterly unsanctised the patient work of weeks. Looking upon her sparkling face, with its passionate eyes and vivid lips, he was fain forced to confess within himself that none lived on earth who could dislodge the glowing image from his heart. Strive as he would, he knew that without her his life would ever be incomplete, that wanting her, craving for her, his soul would never be satisfied. Alas for Nell! it was an evil star that had beamed on the fatal meeting between her lover and her friend.

Vainly Frank tried to believe that he was as good as married in heaven's eyes, and wrestled bravely with the new love that appeared to him in the light of a heinous sin. Uselessly he essayed to limit his thoughts to his affianced wife. All he could do was to be doubly gentle and kind to the girl he wronged so deeply within. He resolved never to risk an interview with Bee; but he could not give up the hope of *seeing* her stealthily, as the thief hovers round the glittering jewel he would possess, but durst not approach. The very air that passed him by when Bee was nigh had unutterable fascination in it, and the days that passed without a glimpse of her in the far distance were noted down as utter blanks in the calendar of his existence.

Then fate ordained a meeting when a dark and gloomy sky hung overhead, and a faint fragrance of pines, came borne on the breeze that swept in wild gusts over the steep hill-sides. Standish was fearfully changed during the last weary trying months; his figure had grown slighter, and he looked very wan and haggard, as Bee suddenly came face to face with him.

Touched by his appearance, her manner was far softer than it usually was, as, without a word of greeting, she put her hand into his, and looked at him anxiously, though a little shyly.

Frank stood before her, motionless, tongue-tied, only his eyes telling her all that was in his heart. Womanlike, it was Bee who regained her self-possession first, and who contrived to break the silence that had fallen upon them; but unlike the ordinary diplomacy displayed by her sex, her opening remark was an ill-advised one, probing the wound in his life so keenly, that in very anguish he cried out to the sole physician who could cure him.

"Are you ill or unhappy, Mr. Standish?" she asked him, with an earnest solicitude in her manner and voice that sent his blood tingling through his veins. "What ails you?" and she clasped her hands in entreaty, while her eyes scanned his pallid features with an irrepressible yearning in their tender depths.

Days, weeks, nay even months, had gone by since these two had been together, or spoken together. What wonder that Standish was unmanned.

"What ails me?" Frank almost gasped; and then he gave a short bitter laugh, that struck strangely on her. "Do you know what mortal ailment is sapping my life's whole happiness, nay, my life itself? Then *I* will tell you." And he bent forwards, and seized her hands feverishly, while his eyes seemed to flash almost fiercely into hers.

She could have cried out with the pain his hold gave her, but she bit her under-lip hard. It appeared to her so paltry a thing, the physical hurt she suffered, in comparison with the evident mental suffering that he was going through.

"It is love for you, Miss Darrell, that is killing me, sending me to my grave, slowly, perhaps, but surely. No, don't tell me that I am mad! I know it. I have no right even to *feel* love for such as you. To dream that *you* could ever love *me* would be an unpardonable frenzy, which would but evoke your bitter contempt. I should never have *spoken* thus; I should never have *dared*, Miss Darrell, to insult you by this avowal; but I cannot help it—I cannot help it! Your sudden presence has unmanned me, bereft me of self-control, and left me nothing but a miserable pitiful fool!" and he let go her hands and turned away, shaking in every limb.

She could not help seeing the strong muscular frame quiver, as he tried hard to hide his emotion from her. So she stole noiselessly round him, and looked up with a soft angel pity into his poor white face.

They were in the shade of a large leafless trunk, alone. She, whom he worshipped dearer than his life, was within his reach. Conscience was nothing to him when her beauty of sunlit hair and gleaming eyes was near. His hands grew cold as death, his temples burned as with a thousand fires, and stooping down, he gathered her to him and kissed her madly, but nervously; and all the while, even through the delirium of his brain, a great wonder filled his soul that those lips had been yielded to him. Bee never rebuked him!

It would have been difficult to recognize Frank's low and languid tones of the last few months in the fervent accents that breathed into Bee's ear all his mighty happiness, all his infinite hope. And Bee hearkened to all he said with a brilliant color mantling over brow and upon the fair round cheek, that rested very close to Standish's breast, but with big startled eyes. Marriage! marriage with Standish, whom she knew to be a poor man, was an astounding event that she had never dreamt of in her philosophy; but just after the kiss he had left on her lips, she dared not speak her thoughts. It was very sweet to her to stand there with a strong arm encircling her waist, and with a soft voice murmuring eternal love and faith, and she felt she lacked the courage to break the charm. So she let him murmur on until the name of "Nell" dissolved the magic spell.

"Frank!" she said, naturally enough, for she had often called him thus to herself; but her voice uttering his Christian name sent the crimson blood leaping into his face, and as he held her in a close embrace, he began to realize that it was no beautiful but capricious beauty, such as the world knew Bee Darrell to be, whom he clasped, but a lovely loving woman, all his own to the very core.

"We have been dreadfully wicked! I can never face Nell again—and you cannot, *dare* not tell her of all this! You *must* marry her. You *must* forget me, Frank," she said imperiously and passionately.

"Never, so help me heaven!—not even in death! O, if you leave me now, my love, my love! now that I have held you thus, and kissed you thus!"—and he strained her to him, pouring down kisses on her brow, and cheeks, and lips, and even on the two little hands he grasped—"it will kill me, Bee! You have seen the change in me since last we met. Cannot you believe that parting from you now would be my death-warrant, that I could not survive such a dilaceration of every feeling I possess—that without you I *cannot* live?"

And as he questioned her, her gaze wandered eagerly and pityingly over him, and it seemed to her that his words were in truth possible—that she alone could give him life.

"Will you be my wife soon, Bee?" he asked her after a silence, in which, without assurances in language that she would not give him up, he had learnt that he was very dear to her.

She started, and turned ashy pale. Was this to be the end of all her grand ambition, her sighs after wealth? The wealth which would be hers as mistress of Mayne Towers? Was she capable of sacrificing herself, and far more than herself—Darrell? Already, in the first vehemence of Standish's asseverations, in the first plantasy of her own feelings, she seemed to see the ruin of her beloved home. In the mellow leaves that the wintry blast had swept whirring into the dell and glades, where they lay dead and decaying fast, she read a symbol of the ancient walls crumbling into dust, and Darrell's oaks and elms levelled with the earth. For a moment she wavered, and Frank, with fast-beating heart, watched the indecision on her mobile face; then the mournful picture her imagination had conjured up faded right out of view; she felt that she loved Frank, and that that love was infinitely more precious to her than lands, or silver, or gold.

So once more she put her hand into his, and softly lifted up her eyes towards him. It was a mute but all-sufficient acquiescence to his question.

CHAPTER VII.

Nell Dacres' work had fallen unconsciously into her lap, as with loosely clasped hands, and in a listless attitude, she sat with an unwonted expression of sadness written upon her face.

Black clouds were rapidly chasing one another up in the wintry sky, or gathering in opaque sullen masses as though in solemn conclave here and there, and Boreas shook with no gentle hand the windows of the parsonage house. There was no single glint of green visible, but leafless trees and shrubs and the tall grass lay wrapped together beneath a broad white winding-sheet. Nell's thoughts were not of the gloomy weather; for what mattered externals to her when she could find no sunshine *within?* The black clouds hanging ominously above were not so dark as the shadows of fear and mistrust that trailed their forms over her heart and loomed up before her mind. She had many grave causes for her unhappiness, and the erewhile sanguine and placid nature had lost all its quiet content, and the faith that had been implicit as a child's was deserting her rapidly now.

Though quiet and even a little undemonstrative of late, her loving eye had not failed to note the change in her betrothed during the latter days; and though her lips had ventured on no anxious word, as she watched the pallor, like the gray ashen hue of death, that crept now and then over his features, and the look of fragility that had replaced the strong athletic aspect of the bygone time, yet her heart felt nigh to breaking all the while. She had tried so hard, *so* hard to persuade herself that her lover's affections had only wandered from her temporarily; that his passion for Queen Bee had been but an ephemera; and that, removed from the dazzling glitter of her beauty, his soul would return to its old and legitimate allegiance, shaking off the trammels of bondage into which it had fallen. But it would not de—true love's instinct revealed to her at length that it was no passing enthralment after all, and that though he might yet belong to her, his heart, the one jewel she desired, lay bleeding at Bee Darrell's feet.

Frank had told her only a few hours before of his meeting with Bee, but he had said nothing more. His nature was true and open as the day, and he would never have descended to deceive; but his defection made him feel so cowardly, for Nell's sake as well as for his own, that he had been forced to keep the whole truth from her for awhile. Not that he was wavering now—his love completely overmastered both reason and principle; everything in his life hitherto seemed to have been unsubstantial and worthless, now that he had awoke to such an intensity of passion and longing, with Bee's bewildering face looking at him through all his sleeping and waking dreams. He felt entirely prostrate, as it were, under the wild fever that burnt in his veins—falling into broken snatches of rest, through which she lived and reigned, and having but one firm purpose in his breast—to satisfy his heart, no matter what betided! He seemed to see her hours afterwards lifting up her tender liquid eyes to his, and placing her little hand within his own, in dumb but eloquent acknowledgment of the feelings she bore him; and after months of inexpressible pain and bitter regret that one little winter hour returned in all the vividness of its first passion and delight, to probe afresh and deeply the unclosed wound that lay festering in Standish's life.

The chill bleak winds, the wrathful lowering heavens, the moaning trees—he had felt and seen none of these; he had only known that he was with her, that for the first time his lips had sought her own.

* * * * * * *

Nell was sitting by the window still. She had sat there throughout the long afternoon, communing with herself and oblivious of time; and now the night had closed in wild and wet; and as she listened to the heavy rain and the howling blast, she fell to wondering whether the elements were not weeping with her over the days that would come no more. She never even heard in her miserable revery the footstep that she had learnt to look upon as a harbinger of happiness, and she started when a hand touched her shoulder gently, and through the evening gloom she saw Standish's tall figure standing close by.

"Frank," she said, almost inaudibly. Standish shivered a little as she spoke. He could not see her plainly, but he heard the tears in her voice, and he knew that her face must be white and tear-stained. "I am glad you have come to-night; I want to speak to you."

Poor child, she was trying to speak firmly and quietly; but she could have thrown herself at his feet, and have begged him to be merciful, to spare her such grievous sorrow, to pause ere he sacrificed the whole of her young life for the sake of a glittering phantom; and Standish, in spite of his all-absorbing attachment, longed to soothe her, like a loving brother. He knew quite well now that she was going to give him his freedom; but there was none of the lighteome spirit of a released prisoner about him, as he stood, like a criminal at the bar, awaiting the verdict from the mouth of that gentle judge.

Then Nell, to give herself courage, slid one ice-cold hand into his, and with the other she tried to hide the big tears that fell. "Frank, you have seen Bee to-day, and you have told her that you love her! Nay, let me speak," she whispered pleadingly in a husky voice, as he tried to break in with a deprecatory word.

"I do not blame you if you did, Frank; for the love you feel for Bee is stronger than yourself, and *must* have been spoken some day. Perhaps it is better now than later, dear." And in the shimmering dusk he could just see the ghost of a mournful smile flit over her lips—an unselfish smile, forced upon her face from a desire to give him a little strength and nerve, and to show that she was not quite hopeless—though all the while she would gladly have closed her eyes and laid down in her shroud, with the wintry winds shrieking their wild requiem over her. "Later," she resumed, after a momentary pause, in which she essayed to gather up a fresh store of courage, "when you were *my* husband, and the avowal would have been a crime in the sight of God, Frank!"

"Never," he interrupted her hastily. "As your husband, no woman would have heard a word of love from me, Nell. What! because I have been weak and fickle, do you deem me devoid of all honor and faith?" She never thought of resenting the tone of indignation that ran through his voice; she only fell to musing for a minute or so on what might have been, if his words were really true. If fate had united them long ago, all this misery might have been spared her; but such thoughts were useless now.

She glanced towards him; he did not look like a happy and triumphant wooer. Had his love met with a cold repulse from the proud Darrell blood, that would scorn to mate with one boasting of neither titled lineage or wealth?

She knew of Bee's half-pledged troth to the owner of majestic Mayne Towers—of her longings after money and power. And she feared, yes *feared*, that this man's heart, to gain which would have been earth's crowning bliss to her, had been thrust back upon himself, not only in anger, but perhaps in contumely. She could try to bear her own burden bravely, praying heaven to grant her strength and submission; but *his* unhappiness was a sight she could not look upon.

"And when Bee knew you loved her, what did she say?" she asked him, trembling, dreading to hear from his lips a confession of his soul's agony.

"Nell, you will not blame her, you will not drive her from your affection, when I tell you all that passed between us? You look, sitting here in the darkness, like a white saint, and I a weak mortal, craving your intercession with heaven for my sins. Let me kneel here, Nell"—and he threw himself down on his knees by her side—"that I may believe myself in a real confessional, and speak all that is in my breast."

"Bee came upon me like a fate, and from the first moment I looked upon her, I lost my head, my heart. I wrestled with myself, I strove to conquer, I tried to think only of you and your angel beauty and sweetness; but the spell of another was over me always, through all, through all! Then we met, and maddened by the sight of her face, carried away by the knowledge that nothing but the distant clouds and sighing winds were witness, I told her *how* I loved her, and—forgive her, Nell, forgive us both!—Bee said that she loved me in return, and promised to become my wife!"

"God bless both you and her!" fell faint and fluttering upon Frank's ear; and he felt two clasped hands rest lightly on his head, like the touch of an angel's wing.

The next moment Nell had glided away in the darkness.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Darrells of Darrell Court, who dated their pedigree by centuries, and whose proudest vaunting was the blue blood that flowed through their veins, were not likely to approve of a poor and struggling student as a suitor for their only child.

To implore their sanction to her engagement with Standish, Bee knew to be sheer insanity—an ignition of a match to the sleeping fire of their pride and exclusiveness, in which not only her happiness but her freedom would be immolated; and freedom was a privilege that Bee dearly prized, and could not have dispensed with. To have her actions supervised and her movements controlled, would have been misery to her high spirit and independent nature. So she sapiently kept her secret safely locked within her own breast, and forgetting that clandestine love was scarcely worthy a descendant of the noble ancestors whose portraits hung in the damp old picture gallery that, by reason of its woeful dilapidation, had been debarred to "sight-seers," her trysting-place with Frank was not within the sacred precincts of home, but within some flowery copse or woodland dell. She had but one excuse for her conduct: pride was forgotten in love—by far the holier passion of the two.

Meanwhile Cyril Mayne was often a guest at Darrell Court; not encouraged, perhaps, but not dismissed from Bee's presence as he should have been, now that fealty to Standish demanded an exclusion of all rivals.

The proprietor of Mayne Towers was a man who had long lived in the world and for the world; women hitherto had been playthings to charm away an idle hour, and depth of feeling in them was a sentiment that would have not only wearied but puzzled him. But Bee was so essentially cold, so stonelike, that he fretted his spirit continually against her utter hardness, and in the piquant friction believed that he loved her deeply; but in truth she pleased his eye, and his fancy was not so deep-seated as he imagined.

Stinging sarcasms from her ruby lips sounded pleasanter to his enamored ears than wreathed flatteries on other tongues. And from sheer opposition, he vowed to win her hand, if not her heart; but even that he did not despair of gaining; for the heart of a woman was never an impregnable fortress to his ideas, and like a beleaguered citadel might be made to yield at length.

After all, Standish was not really happy. Something seemed to stand at times between him and his love—an invisible sort of wall, which he was helpless to dash away. He was a sensitive man, and the very sense of her long lineage wounded him; he felt that with that great barrier of Darrell dignity and haughtiness intervening real confidence and unreserved affection could scarcely be his; and yet not for anything could he have given her up. He knew that if she left him there would be nothing more on earth to live for.

And many an hour that found him lurking like a poacher amongst the trees for a glimpse of her, she was sunning her beauty on the terrace with Cyril by her side, turning no deaf ear as he expatiated with natural pride on the glories of Mayne Towers. These descriptions filled her mind unconsciously to herself, and aroused in her soul afresh an adulation of wealth that in the first days of her engagement to Frank had completely slumbered; and when, after listening to them, she would steal away to meet the man she had promised to marry, he would find her shrink away from his touch, and her mouth grow cold beneath his pressure. And yet all the while her lips would affirm that she loved him with an earnestness that could not fail to satisfy him.

Her cheek had lost a great deal of its brilliant coloring, and her spirits were painfully fitful. One day when they met, Frank, after anxiously watching her, felt a heavy foreboding come over him.

"Tell me, Bee, has anything or anybody come between you and me?" he asked nervously, fixing a keen look upon her.

She turned away from him with a deep scarlet flush overspreading her features, gave a forced laugh, then burst into tears.

He was shocked, cut to the heart. It was the first time he had seen tears in those bright beautiful eyes, and the sight was torture to him.

"What is it?" he questioned frantically; and his heart seemed to stand still for a moment, then it beat fast to suffocation.

"For God's sake, Bee, tell me what all this means!"

"Nothing." And she hastily wiped her tears; then pushing his hair caressingly off his forehead, she rose on tiptoe and kissed it tenderly. "What could come between us now?" she murmured softly; "now, when I know that I love you only in 'the wide, wide world?' And you, Frank, you will never cease to care for me, not even if death takes me away from you, will you?" And she shivered in his arms and nestled close to him, as she thought that it would indeed be a "death in life" that took her from him.

He looked down upon the girl clinging to his breast, while his white lips whispered slowly.

"Bee, do you want to break my heart?"

Her mood suddenly changed; the color flew back to her cheeks; the light of a hundred sapphires flashed from her eyes.

"It's all folly, Frank," she answered lightly. "Papa's sad face over his accounts has worried me. We are paupers at the Court, you know. And somehow the old woods looked unusually dull and gloomy as I came along. I am longing for change, Frank; shall we go to Paris when we are married?"

"It requires a weightier purse than mine, Bee, for Paris; I am afraid you will have to content yourself with the ivy-clad cottage that is not far from this. But with so much love, darling, we shall want nothing else, shall we?"

She shook her head; it might have been in assent or dissent, he could not guess which; but the mention of the tiny cottage, bright and pretty as it was, had evidently not tended to enliven her, for she grew pale and weary-looking as they parted. After she had gone a few steps, she walked back to him.

"Frank, you will remember your promise to me? You will never cease to care for me, whatever happens?" she asked him very gravely.

Standish gazed at her in unfeigned surprise; but he knew that she was wont to be capricious in her moods, so he only said,

"No matter what happens, nothing could take away my love from you; I shall love you till I die."

She seemed satisfied as he spoke, and, throwing her arms round him, she drew down his face, and thanked him for his promise on his lips.

CHAPTER IX.

"Read it again, Nell!" and obedient to the voice whose slightest tone yet possessed the power to thrill her frame, Nell Dacres, kneeling by Standish's death-bed, took from his trembling hand a crumpled, blotted, tear-stained letter, whose resting-place, night and day, was upon his breast.

"FRANK,—My heart is breaking, my brain is wild! It seems to me as if heaven had slipped from my grasp, that hell will be my future home!

"When you get this, I shall be another

man's wife; you and I shall be parted forever! O, Frank, a thousand devils seem to be shrieking into my ears the knell of our eternal parting. I never felt how utterly my heart was yours till now; and yet I have, by my own will, placed an impassable gulf between us. I have sold myself to save Darrell. I could not have seen it in alien hands and have lived. So I ask you, on my knees, not to despise me, but to pity me; nay, to care for me still.

"Good-by, Frank; remember your promise—'No matter what happens, *nothing* could take away my love from you; I shall love you till I die!'"

"My darling! my darling!" the dying man said faintly. "Nell, you will tell her how faithfully I kept my promise!" And Nell, bending her head down upon the bed, tried hard to smother her sobs.

That letter had reached Standish four months before, and he never rallied from the shock. The glorious summer had returned, and beneath the genial sunshine the green leaves whispered, the flowers bloomed, and birds sang blithely; but for Standish, the "trail of the serpent" was over them all. Lonely and desolate, his life drifted slowly away in the little ivy-clad cottage where she was to have lived. Then, when too weak to rise, it was Nell Dacres who, like a ministering angel, hovered over his pillow, tending him carefully, breathing to him words of comfort and peace. Unselfish to the last, she only thought of him; she had but one desire, one hope—to smooth his path to that heaven where they two might meet again. Day after day she knelt beside him, murmuring sweet and solemn truths to him whose soul was already on the wing to eternity; and while she strove to pray with steady accents, her pallid lips quivered, and she knew that the grave in which they laid him would hold her broken heart as well.

What a mockery the world seemed to her now! Outside, light and coloring and melody; inside, darkness, the pallor of fleeting life, the one refrain on the rigid lips—"I shall never cease to love you till I die!"

Over and over again those words vibrated sadly upon the watcher's breast; there was such a depth of pathos in them, such an infinity of pain! Then one day a voice so changed, so faint, fell on her ear, that Nell, trembling all over, with blanched face and quickened breath bent hastily over him.

"Bee, my Bee!" it said. O, tell her that I never forgot her, not even in death! Give me the letter, Nell! here! here! close to me!" and with a momentary strength he strove to press it to his heart, while a tender smile irradiated his features, and made his white face godlike in its beauty. Then his hands fell nervelessly down, and Nell Dacres and "Death" were alone together, with the summer sunshine playing upon both, and the birds singing a *jubilee* for the soul that had gone to eternal rest.

☞ Advice is like snow—the softer it falls he longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it inks into the mind.—*Coleridge.*

☞ An evidence of the progress of civilization in the Sandwich Islands is reported in the Honolulu Advertiser, being nothing less than a case of pocket-picking, the first that has been known to occur there! The offender was arrested at once, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment at hard labor.

☞ Four iron steamships 336 feet in length, 40 feet in breadth of beam, of 2,800 tons burden, and containing all the modern improvements and luxuries, will be built immediately for the American Steamship Line between Philadelphia and Liverpool. The estimated cost of each steamer is $500,000.

☞ THE GREATEST HEATHEN.—An Ohio man, who passed around the box at a religious meeting for the heathen, and then pocketed the money, has been acquitted of stealing by a jury of the vicinage on the ground that he was the greatest heathen they knew, and therefore justly entitled to the cash.

☞ The opinion of those best qualified to judge, pronounces both the chassepots and needle-gun inferior to many of our American breech-loaders. France, as our readers have doubtless observed from the daily papers, has purchased large quantities of the Remington rifle, one of the best military weapons now before the world.

☞ Bloomington, Indiana, has sixty-seven young women wanting to be married, and only three marriageable young men. The name of the place arises from the fact that every man has a whole blooming ton of girls to himself, calculating the average weight of the girls to low as ninety-nine pounds apiece. This is out of all proportion.—*N. Y. Mail*

☞ The Asiatics but seldom behold the Aurora, and they are much troubled lately at the appearance of the mysterious light that streams from the northern heavens. The old idea that the "Mountain of the Gods" lay toward the North, which was believed by many ancient nations, may be traced to this boreal phenomenon. The Scandinavians believed that the streamers of light were only Thor's red beard blown across the heavens by the night wind.

☞ A staid gentleman in Northampton, Mass., who lives in a block, the houses in which are all alike, went home the other night, and proceeding up stairs, undressed in the dark and attempted to get into bed, but to his astonishment could find no bed. Striking a match, he ascertained that he was in the wrong house. Dressing hastily he beat a retreat, and nothing would have been known about it if a friend of his had not met him in the hall as he was going out and demanded to know his business.

☞ A "bog" in Ireland has suddenly become nomadic, and is seeking to change its situation. It is stated that the inhabitants of Boslick, near Ballingar, Roscommon, were terrified at the sudden movement of the heath bog of Corlish. The bog is a high one, of many hundred acres, and it made such rapid progress that at dusk fifty acres of the low land had been covered up, destroying crops of potatoes, turnips, &c. The alarm of the inhabitants is extreme; many of them are leaving their houses for more secure places. The bog continues its motion, and fears are entertained that much damage will be done. One poor man has lost his entire potato crop by the occurrence.

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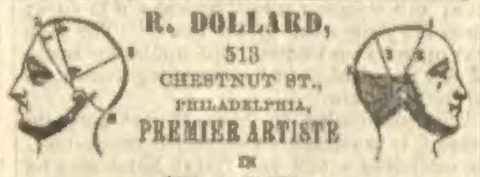

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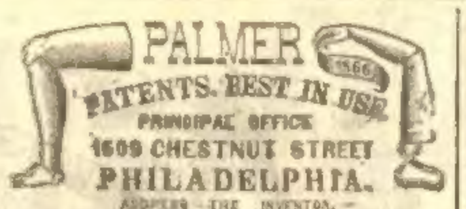

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CUPID NOTE PAPER, poetry in gold on each sheet, 24 varieties, chaste, beautiful, 50c a quire, post-paid. I. A. PITTMAN, Cincinnati, O. jan28-4t

WIT AND HUMOR.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON ANIMALS.

BY C. A. B.

The musquito is a very afeckshunate little animal. it sticks closer than a brother it is a near relatif of the flee. althou the family resemblense is not strikeing they do not associate mutch together.

The lion has the deepest base voice, of any person I think i ever herd. and i have herd a good meny Gleeclubs sing.

The sheep is noted four its wool. like the african it has a good alto voice like the gote, which has a good digestion and eats Newspapers and other periodecals. althe It dont subscribe for eny of them i dont think.

The tortus is a slow but sure animal. it only ocupies one room of its house and lives on the ground flore, i suppose it is afrade of robbers for it alwase takes its house, along with it when it goes out, it shuts the front dore which closes with a patent spring. it is a combination lock and can only be opened by itself from the inside.

The bul frog is a singuler animal. when it sits down it stands up and vicie verse, it has a deep Barritoan voise but does nothin but practis.

The Hop toed is a 1st cousin of the bul Frog, they are manufactured in the clowds & come down semy-annelly every time it ranes.

The elephint is a putty large animal, and as it cannot trust itself on the Cars, it walks all the way & carries its Trunk along with it although it never changes its close, i dont think.

Man is the only companyun a Dog has, he follows him everywhere he goes and barks at everything he sees sometimes, he gets mad and they have too shute him.

The leperd is an animal that is like a Lawyer. it can change its spots when it gets tierd lying in one spot, it goes off and lies in another spot.

The possum is a very imposeing little animal. it imposes on you when you go to ketch it and pretends it is dead, But when you go to go away it lafs in its sleeve.

The crockadile is a animal with a very long nose. that lives in the water, in some countries mothers throw thare little children into the crockadiles jawa. but in this country they dont they Jaw the little children themselves.

Man is the only one that looks like the Munkey. he is very mischevus & can clime up a spout pretty easy.

The cat is a very domesticated animal. they lie dorment in the day time but at nite when tis dark and dreery they go out serenayding just like other people who sing. they are very jelous of each others voices and each one tries to holler lowder than the other they are sed to have 9 lives but I have seen one killed with a brick bat. they are very chaste i hav often chased them myself.

The cow is a very valueable animal. to the milkman in conjunkshun with the pump. i dont think the mottoe "in union there is strength" would be aplecable in this conection. the milk of humin kindness is a very skarse article just now it is very seldim obtained even from the "Cream de la Cream" of society. we use only pure chester Co. milk at our house. the reason we can depend on gettin the jenuine article from our Milkman is because it is marked on his wagon. and he Lives only a few dores from our house & Keeps his cows in the back yard.

The horse is a very valueable Animal. Some horses can be bought for 50 cts & others for $30,000 the 50 ct horses are never very fast unless they are tide to a poast. they are not cauled Post horses though.

The hog is a very hoggish animal. and is used to make porke and blacking Brushes & hogs Head cheese out off.

The rat is an animal that is very quick, of perception they often hold Ratificashun meetins in our celler.

There are a good many other Animals that i have not stated. but the ones that i have Just stated are sum of the principle ones.

Legislative Fame.

An amusing incident occurred, recently, of which a state Senator from the interior was the hero—much against his will, no doubt. In company with some friends, he was purchasing some holiday presents for the "little ones" and, in the course of his peregrinations, stopped at a stand for the sale of whistling China birds, presided over by a young American. Our Senatorial friend exercised his well-known conversational powers for some time upon the youthful vender, in the meantime testing his wares, and, finding some difficulty in getting suited, said—

"My little friend, this won't whistle."

The juvenile merchant, casting a knowing glance at the Senator, very quietly replied:

"Well, sir, maybe not; but the one you have got in your pocket *will!*"

This remark startled the honest Senator, and after fumbling in his pockets for some time, to satisfy himself that he *hadn't* stolen one, he rejoined, indignantly:

"Young man, how dare you insult a gentleman in that manner?"

The boy's eyes at this moment luckily alighted upon the missing toy, and looking up at the astonished Senator, again in a sort of apologetic way, replied:

"Well, sir, I happened to hear one of these gentlemen say that you were a member of the Legislature, and that's why I thought it, sir. I'm glad to see that you ain't, sir. Here's the bird, sir. Ten cents. Thank you. Good-day!"

Changing his Identity.

An amusing incident is related to have occurred on the steamer Dexter, on a recent trip down the river. Just below Vicksburg a family got on board, en route for Texas. During the afternoon the *pater familias* concluded he would enjoy the luxury of a good shave, shampooning, etc., and for this purpose applied to the tonsorial artist of the steamer. The luxury was speedily supplied him; and, at his request, hair, eyebrows and whiskers were converted from a fiery red to raven blackness, by the use of the artist's dye. The traveller was hugely pleased at the idea of surprising his wife at the transformation, and hurried to demand the price. Imagine his indignation when he was called upon to forfeit ten dollars. He swore he would never pay it, and hurried to his stateroom, to buckle on his defensive armor. But he was met at the door by his spouse, outraged by the intrusion of a stranger, as she supposed, and admittance refused. He called himself her husband—she said he was an impostor. He attempted to explain. It was useless. A crowd gathered around, and the laugh became general. At last, in his perplexity, the Hoosier exclaimed:—

"Sallie, look at my feet!"

One glance at the pedal appendages assured her. "Yes, John," she said, "I know them feet. They can come in; *but keep that head out of sight!*"

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

History tells us of many a brave man equal to any emergency by land and sea—a sailor, a soldier, a hero, or saint, who at last proved to be a woman in disguise.—*Lucy Stone.*

With a star on her brow, a sceptre in her hand, would not women patrol our streets at the midnight hour, with a loftier mission than she does now.—*Mrs. Blackwell.*

Slate Pencils.

Of your numerous readers, probably every one has used a slate pencil more or less, and knows that there is a hard, black kind, full of grit, and a soft, light-colored one, usually called soap-stone; yet I dare say that not one in a thousand knows how or where they are made, or what the difference between them is. The black variety comes from Germany; but the light or soap-stone pencils, whether the perfectly round pencils of the present day, or those which we used to get years ago, and which seemed to have been whittled out with a knife, are manufactured from a deposit of stone in the northwest corner of the town of Castleton, Vermont, about eight miles west from Rutland, and about a quarter of a mile from Lake Bomoseen. The tract of country known to contain the stone is very small, being at most only one and a half miles long and half a mile in width. As far as is known, this is the only deposit of rock fit for making pencils of this kind in the world. Every inch of country for miles and miles around has been searched in vain to find another outcrop. Probably there is more of the stone in the world, but certain it is that none having just the right grain has yet been found in the United States; and Castleton has the honor of being the only place in the world where the pleasant-working soap-stone pencil is made.

An excellent use has been devised for the unavoidable refuse of this manufacture. For some years, paper-makers have employed clay to fill the pores of the paper pulp, and give it "body" and a satin surface. But clay is liable to be gritty, and it darkens the paper, so that it can only be used in the darker grades. Mr. Brown has a patent covering the use of ground stone of any kind for this purpose, and commonly called the kaoline or argillite patent. Argillite is the name of the white slate-pencil stone. After the patent was obtained, a set of machinery like that used in flour-mills, was put into the basement of the factory, and the dust and waste from the manufacture of the pencils ground to a powder three grades finer than the finest double-extra flour. Being very light in color and free from grit, it can be used in the manufacture of fine, white printing paper as well as letter-paper, so filling the pores that even without sizing it is possible to write upon it, while the surface is like that which has been calendered.

While the patent was pending in this country, and before it was granted, some one found means to get copies of specifications, and obtained a patent upon them in England. The idea met with favor in that country, and at least one paper company searched up and down all England for the argillite; but none was to be found, and they were obliged to send to Vermont for the desired article. In the end, therefore, the fraud only amounted to saving the American company the expense of an English patent.

Owing to the peculiar composition of the stone, it is quite probable that still further useful applications will be found for the refuse.

The stone has been known as a "pencil rock among the inhabitants hereabout for years; and pencils were occasionally put into the market; but previous to 1840 there were very few. Twenty-three years ago, Mr. H. O. Brown began the manufacture of slate pencils, getting the stone from this place and carrying it to Rutland, where it was made into pencils by splitting into slabs, cutting it into strips by hand with a carpenters saw, and *whittling* the square strips to a tolerably round shape. When a boy at school Mr. Brown and his school-mates used to think themselves lucky to get a bit of this rock for pencils, and on one occasion he paid ten cents for a piece no larger than his two fingers. He determined to know where the ledge was from which that stone was obtained. Few at that time knew the location. The glen in which the ledge is situated was then hidden in a dense forest. By the merest accident, through some boys he met while hunting for the place, he learned its location. Ten dollars was the result of his sales of pencils made from the bushel of stone which he got at his second visit. During the winter he got out stone enough to make three thousand pencils. The stone was all carried to Rutland, and the pencils made there.

When Mr. Brown first spoke of going into the business, and was making permanent arrangements for it, people sneered at him, asking if making *slate pencils* was not rather small business. His reply was, "Look here; wouldn't you rather have one of those soft pencils than one of those hard, black, gritty things?" "Yes." "Well, everybody is just like you, and will get one of these if he can; and if everybody uses them, there must be money in it." And so it proved. After a long struggle with poverty and rival owners, he has succeeded in getting the control of all the pencil-stone under one management, the style of the firm being the Adams Manufacturing Company, named after the senior partner. At present, there are about one hundred hands, men and women, employed in and about the factory by the company.

Near the quarries mentioned is another, in which the stone is of a rich dark purple color. Could any means be found to harden this stone, it would be of the greatest value for making school-slates, as it has every other requisite for a first-class article.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

Dio Lewis to Young Women who want Husbands.—Among the young men in the matrimonial market only a small number are rich, and, in America, such rarely make good husbands. But the number of those who are just beginning in life, who are filled with ambition, who have a future, is very large. Those are worth having. But such will not, dare not, ask you to join them, while they see you so idle, silly, and gorgeously attired. Let them see that you are industrious, economical, with habits that secure health and strength; that your life is earnest and real; that you would be willing to begin at the beginning in life with the man you would consent to marry.

A Cruel Outrage.—A gentleman in the disguise of a friend called on us at our office and committed the following cruel outrage upon us:—"What," he asked, "is the difference between a plan of a battle-field and a roasted pippin?" After many vain struggles, we assured him we gave it up. "One," said he, "is a war-map—the other a warm apple." He had the cruelty to leave us without an attempt to resuscitate us, and we were found several hours afterwards in our easy chair with a cigar in our mouth and our feet on the mantle piece. We have communicated with the police.

The Egotism of Sin.—When you are examining yourself, never call yourself merely a sinner; that is very cheap abuse, and utterly useless. You may even get to like it, and be proud of it. But call yourself a liar, a coward, a sluggard, a glutton, or an evil-eyed, jealous wretch, if indeed, you find yourself to be in any wise either of these. An immense quantity of modern confession of sin, even when honest is merely sickly egotism, which will rather gloat over its own evil than lose the centralization of its interest in itself.—*Ruskin.*

☞ I remember how Hawthorne writhed with hilarious delight over Professor L——'s account of a butcher who remarked that, "Ideas had got afloat in the public mind with respect to sausingers." I once told him of a young woman who brought in a manuscript, and said, as she placed it in my hands, "I don't know what to do with myself sometimes, I am so filled with *mammoth thoughts.*" A series of convulsive efforts to suppress explosive laughter followed, which I remember to this day.—*J. T. Fields.*

☞ Cases of sudden death are very often referred to disease of the heart. The real truth is that a large number of sudden deaths are caused by congestion of the lungs. Sixty-nine cases of sudden death were made the subjects of thorough examination by a scientific congress in Europe, not long since. It was ascertained that forty-six of these died from congestion of the lungs, and only two from heart disease. When it is remembered that congestion of the lungs is generally caused by cold feet, tight clothing, going suddenly from a hot room into the cold air (especially after speaking or singing), sitting still until chilled after being heated by exercise, and from like causes, it will be perceived that it is often in one's own power to avoid probable sudden death.

☞ "Aboriginally," Mr. Darwin sagaciously observes, "the horse must have inhabited countries annually covered with snow, for he long retains the instinct of scraping it away to get at the herbage beneath. The wild Tarpans of the East have this instinct, and, as I am informed by Admiral Sullivan, this is likewise the case with the horses which have run wild on the Falkland Islands; now this is the more remarkable as the progenitors of these horses could not have followed this instinct during many generations in La Plata."

I had a dream the other night,
When everything was still;
I dreamed that each subscriber
Came up and paid his bill;
Each wore a look of honesty,
And smiles were round each eye.
As they handed over the stumps
They yelled, "How's that for high?"

☞ A Cedar Rapids, Iowa, man lately lost a pocket-book containing about thirty dollars. It was found by a neighbor to whom he sent a note telling him to keep "what he thought was right," on account of finding it, and send him the rest. The finder returned five dollars.

☞ There is sum pholks in this world who spend their whole lives a hunting after righteousness, and kant find enny time to practise it.—*Josh Billings.*

AGRICULTURAL.

The Check Rein.

There is one infallible proof, constantly to be obtained, of the cruelty of the use of the check-rein and of its injurious effects, though we believe very few persons are aware of it. Whenever a horse has been worked with a tight check-rein, the corners of his mouth become *raw, inflame, fester* and *eventually* the *mouth* becomes *enlarged on each side*, in some cases to the extent of *two* inches. Even before the bit has produced these visible effects, if the corner of the mouth under the bit be touched the animal will flinch as if from hot iron. Let this be the sign with every master and servant. To what are these enlargements attributable? What causes them? Nothing but the friction of the bit in the efforts of the horse to get up to his work. How dreadful to see a horse heavy laden—his neck bent into a perfect curve—his mouth open—his eyes ready to start out of their sockets. The ignorant, though, *perhaps*, not cruelly-disposed driver, looks on with admiration to see how "handsome" his horse appears, and imagines that the tossing head, open mouth, and gnashing teeth, are signs of game and strength; whilst, on the contrary, they are the most unequivocal evidences of distress and agony. Let any one test the truth of this by loosing the check-rein, and he will immediately find the horse go *faster*, keep his mouth shut, and his head in one steady horizontal position. Draught-horses frequently exhibit the most painful examples of the cruelty of using a tight check-rein. Whether at work or standing they will often be found in continual torment—tossing their heads, or resting the weight of them on the bit, and so drawing back the corners of their mouths as nearly to split the ligatures. At work, instead of going on steadily they "bob" their heads, feeling the check at every step they take. A short time since, the writer stopped a wagon to look at the mouth of the shaft horse—he found the mouth actually cut open by the bit at least two inches on each side; the wagoner said "he know'd it sure; *'twas the fair wear of the firm!*" The man was open to conviction, and upon the cause of this dreadful punishment being shown, he altered the rein.

The propensity to back, if not actually caused, is much increased by the check-rein. In ascending a hill the freest horse may be compelled to stop and refuse to exert himself, knowing that he can put forth no more strength until the head is loose. A short time since the writer saw a crowd collected looking at a coal cart, fully loaded, drawn by an immense horse. The street is of a moderate ascent, and the horse had stopped just below the top of the hill; the driver turned the horse round down the hill, then up, and with his helpmate very humanely assisted by pushing. The horse, without being flogged or spoken to, went on steadily with his heavy load, to about the place he before stopped at, and again gave up; he was sweating much, and appeared to be a good *game* horse. The writer went up to the driver and advised him to unhook the check-rein. The man said "It's no use, I have turned him round *three* times." The writer said "He must be a good horse to take the load three times"—and pressed him to unhook the rein. The man replied "He will fall down." The writer coaxed him to try. The rein was unhooked, and immediately the horse took the load from the spot where he stood. The man said, "Well, I would not have believed that." It is not uncommon for considerate drivers to unhook their horses at the foot of a hill, which is a very strong proof of the folly of using the rein at all. It has been, and may be again, advanced as a plea for its retention, that a horse, after having been used to the rein, will miss it, and so be liable to fall if he trips after it is taken off. A trial will prove that this is not the result. A check-rein is fixed to the falling horse and *falls with him*—it cannot save him; it keeps a horse from seeing and avoiding stones and other impediments; it is a hindrance, not a help; an injury, not a benefit. It cannot be supposed that a horse stumbles willingly; therefore, to punish him for it, as is too often done, is wrong, and only adds to his fear.

To the ladies we appeal with earnestness, knowing full well how pained they would be were they conscious of the horse's agony which causes that unceasing motion of the head which they have, doubtless, at times observed. Could these speechless sufferers answer the inquiries—*Why do you continually toss your heads while standing in harness? Why do you stretch open your mouths, shake your heads, and gnash your teeth? Why do you turn your heads back towards your sides, as if you were looking at the carriage?*—they would answer: All, all this is done to get relief from the agony we are enduring by having our heads kept erect and our necks bent by tight check-reins.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Foot and Mouth Disease.

IMPORTANT TO CATTLE OWNERS.

We learn that many cattle owners having sick cattle, are treating their animals with various nostrums, some of which are of the most irritating character; for instance, the pure carbolic acid in crystal, spirits of turpentine, corrosive sublimate, chloride of zinc undiluted. One cattle owner informed us that he had applied some of the above agents, and we saw at his place some of the worst cases we have found since the disease came among us.

We are satisfied that carbolic acid is the most efficacious when diluted with one hundred parts of water to one of the pure acid for the feet, and a larger dilution to be applied to the mouth. We would also suggest that the stables where cows are kept, be sprinkled with the diluted acid, and if the disease breaks out in one or more animals, the feet of both the sick and well be washed with the carbolic acid diluted. We have no doubt that in many cases it will act as a preventive, in others mitigate the severity of the disease.

Farmers who have had the misfortune to suffer from a visitation of the foot and mouth disease in their stock should take great pains to cleanse and purify their barns before introducing new and sound stock to them. We do not think it will be safe to sell any hay or manure to be taken to farms where no disease has appeared, for a long time to come. We cannot tell how long the virus will remain, but we would recommend a thorough cleaning, liming, and fumigation as among the simple precautions to be taken. —*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Grindstones.

A farmer complains that his grindstone, which for several years has proved of uniform grit, has deteriorated in this necessary quality. He moved it from under a shed to an open space in the back yard and asks whether this exposure has changed the character of the stone. One side is soft as the whole stone was formerly, but the other side is hard and rigid. We think the removal of the stone is the cause of its change of character. Exposure to sunlight is always injurious to a grindstone. The substance of the stone is porous, and it contains a considerable amount of water; this being evaporated, the stone becomes granulated, harsh, and hard.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Salting Asparagus.—The Gardener's Monthly says:—Where the soil is of a light or sandy nature, salt is an excellent manure, applied so as to be about one-eighth of an inch thick over the bed in spring, just before growth commences. But in heavy, clayey soil, salt is an injury.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 57 letters.
My 6, 5, 17, 19, 29, 31, 34, 28, 10, 18, is a state on the Pacific coast.
My 2, 38, 27, 25, 45, 4, is a summer month.
My 8, 5, 19, 7, 22, is a country in Asia.
My 7, 26, 10, 40, 45, are parts of the human body.
My 43, 19, 7, 44, 50, 45, are a rough class of men.
My 3, 5, 45, 10, 23, was the name of a Chinaman.
My 4, 42, 49, 40, 44, 32, 14, 39, 11, 53, 54, 10, 11, is a mountain in California.
My 6, 25, 8, 5, 55, 57, is a game.
My 16, 17, 3, 10, 20, is an adjective.
My 3, 8, 6, is the name of a card.
My 4, 26, 16, 44, 55, is a kind of small candle.
My whole is a poem now quite popular.

FRANK.

Charade.

My first shrills loudly through the battle's roar,
My second oft is wished outside the door.
A good my whole, what could we wish for more?

Riddle.

Three sisters at breakfast were feeding the cat.
The first gave it sole—Puss was grateful for that;
The next gave it salmon—which Puss thought a treat;
The third gave it herring—which Puss wouldn't eat.
Explain the conduct of the cat.

Algebraical Problem.

Four persons, viz,. A, B, C and D, speaking of their respective ages: Says A, If to my age the ¼ of B's age, the ⅓ of C's age, and the ⅕ of D's age be added, the sum thereof will be 124 years. Says B, If to my age the ¼ of C's age, the ⅓ of D's age, and the ⅕ of A's age be added, the sum thereof will be 110 years. Says C, If to my age the ¼ of D's age, the ⅓ of A's age, and the ⅕ of B's age be added, the sum thereof will be 99 years. Says D, If to my age, the ¼ of A's age, the ⅓ of B's age, and the ⅕ of C's age be added, the sum thereof will be 93 years.

What was the age of each person?

DELTA.

Conundrums.

☞ Why will next year be like last? Ans.—Because last year was 1870, and next year will be 1872 (too).

☞ What reason have we to suppose that beer was made in the ark? Ans.—The kangaroo was seen to go with hops, and the bear was always brulin.

☞ When is a fish-pond like a bird-cage? Ans.—When there is a perch in it.

☞ Why is the tongue like a race-horse? Ans.—Because the less weight it carries the faster it runs.

☞ Why is the world like a piano? Ans.—Because it is full of sharps and flats.

☞ Why is law like a sieve? Ans.—Because, although you can see through it, you must be greatly reduced before you can get through it.

☞ Why is an elopement like an accident? Ans.—Because it's a miss-adventure.

☞ "Why am intoxication like a washbowl?" asked Sambo. Ans.—"Case it am de-basin."

☞ Why is the letter G like death? Ans.—It makes ghosts of hosts, and is always in the midst of slaughter.

Answers to last.

ENIGMA—Charles Ashley Warren. CHARADE—Mossrose (Moss-Rose).

RECEIPTS.

Bethany Pie.—One pint of stewed apples; rub them through a colander; one egg, a bit of butter as large as an egg; flavor with lemon; bake with one crust.—*Mrs. J. A. Frost.*

Sally Lunn.—Three ounces of melted butter, half a teacupful of sugar, one beaten egg, yeast, a pint of milk alternately with the flour, making a batter too thick to pour; put the mixture in two Turk's heads, and keep them covered and warm until light; then bake one hour.

A Delicious Dish.—Take twelve apples, pare and core them, slice them into a pan; add one pound of loaf-sugar, the juice of three lemons, and the grated rind of one. Let it stew two hours. Turn it into a mould, and serve with thick custard or cream.

Hard Soap.—Put 3 gallons of water into a kettle, throw in one box of the condensed lye.* After boiling five minutes add five lbs. of grease, and boil until the incorporation or mixture of the grease and lye seems complete. Then boil gently, and add salt, a little at a time, until the soap ceases to froth and begins to form in cakes and give off the steam in puffs. It is then done.

*Condensed or concentrated lye manufactured by T. C. Taylor, Philadelphia.

Carbonate of Ammonia.—We always keep in the house a bottle of ammonia—a solution of an ounce to half a pint of water for taking out grease spots from black clothes. It is said also that if whitewash drops upon a carpet an application of ammonia will restore the color.

☞ They have "mush-and-milk suppers" at Toledo, for the benefit of Sunday-schools.

☞ Twenty of the wealthiest merchants in Paris have been made bankrupt by the war.